

# Hadaffa.

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Horat. Ode 6.

*Conamur tenuis, grandia; nec pudor,  
Imbellisque Lyra Musa potens uerat.*

---

By *Era. Quarles.*

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1630.

... доска  
тойлам иной виши  
о зе

# A PREFACE TO THE READER.



Sober veine best suits Theologie: If therefore thou expect'st such Elegancy as takes the times, affect some subject as will beare it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of fictions, or flourishes, perhaps they had exposed mee, censurable, and disprized this sacred subject: Therefore I rest more sparing in that kinde.

Two things I would treat of: First, the matter, secondly, the manner of this History.

As for the *matter*, (so farre as I have dealt) it is Canonicall, and indited by the holy Spirit of God, not lyable to errour, and needs no blanching.

In it, Theologie sits as Queen, attended by her handmaid Philosophy; both concurring, to make the understanding Reader a good Divine, and a wise Moralist.

As for the Divinity; it discovers the Almighty in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, delivering his Church; in his Justice, confounding her enemies.

As for the Morality; it offers to us the

whole practicke part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethicks, Politicks, and Oeconomicks.

1. The Ethical part (the obiect wherof is the manners of a private man) ranges through the whole booke, and empties it selfe into the Catalogue of Morall vertues, either those that governe the body; as Fortitude, Chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, Chap. 1. 8. or those which direct the soule, either in outward things, as Liberality, Chap. 1. 3. Magnificence, Chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, Chap. 2. 20. and Modesty, Chap. 6. 12. or in conversation, as Justice, Chap. 7. 9. Mansuetude, Chap. 5. 2. &c.

2. The Politicall part (the obiect whereof is publike Societie) instructs, first, in the behaviour of a Prince to his Subiect; in punishing his vice, Chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of vertues, Chap. 8. 2, 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subiect to his Prince; in observing his Lawes, and discovering his enemies, Chap. 2. 22. Thirdly, the behaviour of a Subiect, to a Subiect; in mutuality of love, Chap. 4. 7. in propagation of peace, Chap. 10. 3.

3. The Oeconomical part (the obiect whereof is private Society) teacheth, first, the carriage of the Wife, to her Husband: in obeying,

ing, Chap. 1. 22. of the Husband to his Wife, in ruling, Chap. 1. 22. Secondly, of a Father to his Childe, in advising, Chap. 2. 7, 10. of a Childe to his Father, in observing, Chap. 2. 20. Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant, in commanding, Chap. 4. 5. of a Servant to his Master, in effecting his command, Chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this history, the two principall facultieſ of the soule are (nor in vaine) employed.

First, the Intellect, whose proper obiect is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper obiect is good, whether Philosophicall, which that great Master of Philosophy calls Wisedome: or Theologicall, which wee point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Pen-man of this sacred History was, or why the name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immateriall, and doubtfull. For the first, it is enough for an uacurious questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: for the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveale his name.

As for the Manner of this history (consisting in the Periphrase, the adiournment of the Story, and interposition of Meditations) I

I hope it hath not iniured the Matter : For in this I was not the least carefell, to use the light of the best Expositors, not daring to go un-led, for feare of stumbling. Some say, Divinity in Verse, is incongruous and unpleasing: such I referre to the *Psalmes of David*, or the *Song of his sonne Salomon*, to bee corrected. But in these lewd times, the salt, and soule of a Verse, is obscene scurrility, without which it seemes dull, and livelesse: And though the sacred History needs not (as humane doe) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance, (being by Gods owne mouth blst with Eternity) yet Verse (working so neare upon the soule, and spirit) will oft times draw those to have a history in familiarity, who (perchance) before, scarce knew there was such a Booke.

Reader, be more than my hasty pen stiles thee: Reade mee with advice, and thereafter judge me, and in that iudgement censure me. If I iangle, thinke my intent thereby, is to tell better Ringers in. Farewell.

THE

# THE INTRODUCTION.

**W**HEN Zedechia (He whose haplesse hand  
Once held the Scepter of Great Iudah's  
Went up the Palace of Proud Babylon, (Land)  
(The Prince Serajah him attending on,)  
A dreadfull Prophet, (from whose blasting breath  
Came sudden death, and nothing else but death)  
Into Serajah's peacefull hand betooke  
The sad Contents of a more dismall Booke :

Breake ope the leaves, those leaves so full of dread,  
Read (onne of thunder) said the Prophet, reade;  
Say thus, say frely thw, The Lord hath spoke it,  
'Tis done, the world's unable to revoke it;  
Woe, woe, and heauy woes ten thousand more  
Betide great Babylon, that painted whore;  
Thy buildings, and thy fensible Tower's shall  
Flame on a sudden, and to cinders fall;  
None shall be left, to waile thy griefe with Howles:  
Thy streets shall peopl'd be with Bats, and Owles:  
None shall remaine, to call thy places voyd,  
None to possesse, nor ought to be enjoy'd;  
Nought shall be left for thee to terme thine owne,  
But helplesse ruines of a haplesse towne:

Said then the Prophet, When thy language hath  
Empty'd thy cheeke of this thy borrow'd Breath,  
Close then the Booke, and binde a stome unto it,  
That done, into the swift Euphrates throw it,  
And let this following speech explaine withall  
The Hieroglyphick of proud Babels fall.

Thus, thus shall Babel, Thus shall Babels glory,  
Of her destruction leave a Tragick story:

Wm. H.

*Thus, thus shall Babell fall, and none relieve her,  
Thus, thus shall Babel sink, Thus sinke for ever.*

And falne she is. Thus after-times make good  
That sacred Prophesie, confirin'd in blood.

Great Royall Dreamer, where is now that thing  
Thou so much vant'dst of: where, O sovereign King  
Is that great Babel, that was rais'd so hyc,  
To shew the highnesse of thy Majesty?  
Where is thy Royall-off-spring to succeed  
Thy Throne, and to preserve thy Princely seed  
Till this time? Sleeping, how could'ft thou foresee  
That thing, which waking thou thoughtst ne'r wold

And thou Belshazzar, (full of youthfull fire, (be?  
Vnlucky Grand-child to a lucklesse Syre)  
On thee the sacred Oracles attended,  
For with thy life, great Babels Kingdome ended:  
What made thy Spirit tremble, and thy hayre  
Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gaspe for ayre?  
A simple Word upon a painted Wall?  
What's that to thee? If ought, what harme at all?  
Could words affright thee? O preposterous wit,  
To feare the writing, not the Hand that writ!  
The Hand that writ, it selfe (unseene) did shroud  
Within the gloomy bosome of a Cloud;  
The Hand that writ, was bent, (nor bent in vaine)  
To part the Kingdome, and the King in twaine,  
The Hand that writ, did write the sentence downe,  
And now stands armed to depose the Crowne;  
The hand that writ, did threaten to translate  
Thy Kingdome (Babel) to the Persian state;  
Th' effect whereof did brooke no long delayes,  
For when Belshazzar had spun out his dayes,  
(Soone cut by that Avengers fatall knife,)  
Proud Babels Empire ended with his life.

As when that rare Arabian Bird doth rest  
Her bedrid carkasse in her Spicy nest,  
The quick-devouring fire of heaven consumes  
The willing sacrifice, in sweet perfumes,  
From whose sad cinders (baul'md in fun'ral spices)  
A second Phœnix (like the first) arises;  
So from the Ruines of great Babels Seat,  
The Medes and Persians Monarchy grew great;  
For when *Belshazzar*, last of Babels Kings,  
Yeedded to death, (the summe of mortall things)  
Like earth-amazing thunder from above,  
And lightning from the house of angry *Jove*,  
Or like two billowes in th'Eubœan Seas,  
Whose swelling, nought but shipwrack can appease,  
So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,  
Marching with *Cyrus* into Babylon,  
Two Armies Royall stoutly following,  
The one was Medes, the other Persia's King:  
As when the Harvester, with bubling brow,  
(Reaping the intrest of his painfull Plough,)  
With crooked Sickle now a shock doth sheare,  
A handfull here, and then a handfull there,  
Not leaving, till he nought but stubble leave;  
Here lies a new-falne ranke, and there a sheave;  
Even so the Persian Host it selfe bestur'd,  
So fell great Babel by the Persian Sword,  
Which warm with slaughter, & with blood imbru'd  
Ne'r sheath'd, till wounded Babel fell, subdu'd.

But see! These brave Ioynt-tenants that surviv'd  
To see a little world of men unliv'd,  
Must now be parted: Great *Darius* dyes,  
*Cyrus* shares alone, the new-got prize;  
He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he subdues:  
He builds the Temple, he restores the Jewes,

By

*The Introduction.*

By him was Zedekias force disjoynted,  
 Vnknown to God he was, yet Gods Anointed ;  
 But marke the malice of a wayward Fate ;  
 He whom successse crown'd alwaies fortunatc,  
 He that was strong t' atchieve, bold to attempt,  
 Wise to foresee, and wary to prevent,  
 Valiant in warre, successfull to obtaine,  
 Must now be slaine, and by a Woman slaine.

Accursed be thy sacrilegious hand,  
 That of her Patron rob'd the holy Land ;  
 Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,  
 And curs'd be all things, that proud *Tomyrus* hath.

O worst that death can doe, to take a life,  
 Which (lost) leaves Kingdomes to a Tyrants knifes :  
 For now, alas ! degenerate *Cambyses* (vices)  
 (Whose hand was fill'd with blood, whose hart with  
 Sits crowned King, to vexe the Persian state,  
 With heavy burthens, and with sore regrate.  
 O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy son,  
 Then in that stroke wherewith thy life was done !  
*Cambyses* now sits King, now Tyrant (rather : )  
 (Vnlucky Sonne of a renowmed Father)  
 Blood cries for Blood : Himselfe revenged hath  
 His bloody Tyranny, with his owne death ;  
 That cruell sword on his owne flesh doth feed,  
 Which made so many loyall Persians bleed,  
 Whose wofull choyce made an indiff'rent thing,  
 To leave their lives, or lose their Tyran' King :  
*Cambyses* dead, with him the latest drop  
 Of *Cyrus* blood was spilt, his death did stop  
 The infant source of his brave Syers worth,  
 Ere after-times could spend his rivers forth.

Tyrant *Cambyses* being dead, and gone,  
 On the reversion of his empty Throne,

Mounts up a *Magus* with dissembled right,  
Forging the name of him, whose greedy night  
Too early did perpetuate her owne,  
And silent death had snatcht away unknowne.  
But when the tydings of his Royall cheat,  
Times loyall Trumpe had fam'd, th' usurped seat  
Grew too too hot, and longer could not beare  
So proud a burthen on so proud a Chayre:  
The Nobles sought their freedome to regaine,  
Not resting, till the *Magi* all were slaine;  
And so renowned was that happy slaughter,  
That it solemniz'd was for ever after;  
So that what pen shall write the Persian story,  
Shall treat that Triumph, & write that daies glory;  
For to this time the Persians (as they say)  
Observe a Feast, and keepe it holy-day;  
Now Persia lacks a King, and now the State  
Labours as much in want, as it of late  
Did in abundance; Too great calmes doe harme  
Sometimes as much the Sea-man, as a storme;  
One while they thinke t' erect a Monarchy;  
But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,  
And dead *Cambyses*, fresh before their eyes,  
Afrights them with their new-scap'd miseries;  
Some to the Nobles would commit the State,  
In change of Rule, expecting change of fate;  
Others cri'd, no; more Kings then one, incumber;  
Better admit one Tyrant, than a number:  
The rule of many doth disquiet bring;  
One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King:  
One saies, Let's rule our selves; let's all be Kings;  
No, sayes another, that confusion brings;  
Thus moderne danger bred a carefull trouble,  
Double their care is, as their feare is double;

And

And doubtfull to resolve of what conclusion,  
 To barre confusion, thus they bred confusion;  
 At last (and well advis'd) they put their choyce  
 Upon the verdict of a Iuries voyce ;  
 Seven is a perfect number, then by seven,  
 Be Persia's royall Crowne, and Scepter given;  
 Now Persia, doe thy plagues or joyes compence ;  
 God give thy Iurie sacred evidence :

Fearfull to chuse, and faithlesse in their choyce,  
 (Since weale, or woe depended on their voice,) A few from many they extracted forth,  
 Whose even-poys'd valour, and like-equall worth  
 Had set ~~a Non plus~~ on their doufull tongues,  
 Vnweeting where the most reward belongs,  
 They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) bespake;

*Since poore bloud mortalls, of themselves, can make  
 No difference twixt good, and evill, nor know  
 A good from what is onely good, in fision,  
 But, with unconstant frailty, doth vary  
 From what is good, to what is cleane contrary ;  
 And since it lies not in the braine of man,  
 To make his drooping state more happy, than  
 His unprospitious stars allot, much lesse  
 To lend another, or a state successe,*

*In vaine you therefore shall expect this thing,  
 That we should give you fortune, with a King:  
 Since you have made us meanes to propagate  
 The joyfull welfare of our headlesse State,  
 (Bound by the tender service that we beare  
 Our native soyle, farre then our lives more deaer.)  
 We fifted have, and baulted from the Rest,  
 Whose worst admits no badnesse, and whose best  
 Cannot be bettered :  
 When Chaunticleere, (the Belman of the morn)*

Shall summon twilight, with his bugle borne,  
Let these brave Hero's, drest in warklike wise,  
And richly mounted on their Palferies,  
Attend our rising Sun-gods ruddie face,  
Within the limits of our Royall place.  
And he whose lusty Stallion first shall neigh,  
To him be given the doublfull Monarchy;  
The choyce of Kings lies not in mortals brest,  
This we; the Gods, and Fortune doe the rest.

So said; the people, tickl'd with the motion,  
Some lost their caps, some fell to their devotion,  
Some clapt their joyful hāds, some shout, some sing  
And all at one cry'd out, A King, A King.

When Phœbus Harbinger had chac'd the night,  
And tedious Phœber brought the breaking light,  
Complete in armes, and glorious in their trayne,  
Came these brave Heroes, prancing o're the plaine,  
With mighty streamers came these blazing starres,  
Portending Warres, (and nothing else but Warres;)  
Into the royall Palace now they come: (Drum,  
There sounds the martiall Trump, here beats the  
There stands a Steed, and chanipes his frothy steele  
This stroaks the groiid; that scorns it with his heel;  
One snorts, another puffs out angry wind;  
This mounts, before; and that curvets, behind;

By this, the fomy Steeds of Phætos  
Puffe too, and spurne the Easterne Horizon:  
Whereat the Nobles, prostrate to the ground,  
Ador'd their God, (their God was early found.)

Forthwith, from out the thickest of the crowd,  
In depth of silence, there was heard the loud,  
And lustfull language of Darius Horse,  
Who in the dialect of his discourse,  
Proclam'd his rider King; whereat the rest

(Patient

(Patient to beare what cannot be redrest)  
Dismount their lofty Steeds, and prostrate bring  
Their humbled bodies to their happy King;  
*God save the King,* they joynly say; God blesse  
Thy prosperous actions with a due successie;  
The people clap their sweat y palmes, and shout,  
The bonfires smoke, the helts ring round about,  
The minstrels play, the Parrats learne to sing,  
(Perchance as well as they,) *God save the King.*  
*Affuerus* now's invested in the throne,  
And *Persia*'s rul'd by him, and him alone;  
Prove happy *Persia*: Great *Affuerus* prove  
As equall happy in thy peoples love.

Enough; And let this broken breviate  
Suffice to shadow forth the downfall state  
Of mighty Babel, and the conquest made  
By the fierce Medes, & Persians conqu'ring blade;  
Whose just succession we have traced downe,  
Till great *Affuerus* weare the Persian Crowne;  
Him have we sought, and having found him, rest;  
To morrow goe we to his royll Feast.

F I N I S.

TO

TO  
THE HIGHEST :  
His Humble Servant  
Implores his gracious  
ayde.

**T**Hou great Director of the hearts of men,  
From whence I propagate what e'er is mine;  
Still my disquiet thoughts, Direct my Pen  
No more mine owne, if thou adopt it thine :  
Oh, be thy Spirit All in All to me,  
That will implore no ayde, no Muse, but thee :

Bethou the Load starre to my wandering minde,  
New rig'd, and bound upon a new Adventure :  
O fill my Canvas with a prosp'rous winde;  
Unlocke my soule, and let thy Spirit enter:  
Soblesse my Talent with a fruitfull Lono,  
That it, at least, may render two for one.

*Vnworthy I, to take so high a Taske ;  
Vnworthy I, to crave so great a Boone :  
Alas ! unseason'd is my slender Caske,  
My Winters day hath scarcely seen her Noone :  
But if the Childrens Bread must be deny'd,  
Yet let me liche the Crummes that fall beside.*

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THE

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# THE HISTORIE OF ESTER.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Assuerus makes two Feasts,  
Invites his great and meane guests :  
He makes a Statute to represso  
The loisome sin of Drunkennesse.*

## Sect. I.

When great Assuerus (under whose Command  
the worlds most part did in subiectio stād,  
Whose Kingdome was to East and West confin'd,  
And stretcht from Ethiopia unto Ind',) (power  
When this brave Monarch had with two yeeres  
Confirm'd himselfe the Persian Emperour;  
The peoples patience nilling to sustaine  
The hard oppression of a third yeeres raigne,  
Softly began to grumble, sore to vexe,  
Feeling such Tribute on their servile necks;  
Which when the King (as he did quickly) heares,  
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest eares)  
Partly to blow the coales of old affection,  
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjections;  
Partly to make his Princely might appeare,  
To make them feare for love, or love for feare,  
He made a Feast : He made a Royall Feast,  
Fit for himselfe, had he himselfe bin Guest;

100 *The History of Queene Ester.*

To which he calls the Princes of his Land,  
Who( paying tribute) by his power stand;  
To which he calls his servants of Estate,  
His Captaines, and his Rulers of the State,  
That he may shew the glory of his store,  
The like unseene by any Prince before ;  
That he may boast his Kingdomes beauty forth,  
His servant Princes, and their Princely worth;  
That he may shew the Type of Sov'raignty  
Fulfill'd, in th'honour of his Majesty :  
He made a Feast, whose Date should not expire,  
Vntill seven Moones had lost, and gain'd their fire.

When as this royall-tedious Feast was ended,  
(For good more common 'tis, 'tis more comended)  
For meaner sort he made a second Feast;  
His Guests were from the greatest to the least  
In *Susa*'s place; Seven dayes they did resort  
To Feast i'th Palace Garden of the Court ;  
Where in the midst, the house of *Bacchus* stands  
To entertaine when Bounty claps her hands ;  
The Tap'stry hangings were of divers hue,  
Pure white, and youthfull Greene, and joyful bluo,  
The maine supporting Pillers of the Place  
Were perfect Marble of the purest race;  
The Beds were rich, right Princely to behold,  
Of beaten Silver, and of burnish't Gold.  
The Pavement was discolour'd Porphyry,  
And during Marble, colour'd diversly ;  
In lavish Cups of oft-refined gold,  
Came wine unwisht, drinke what the people would  
The Golden vessels did in number passe, (was.  
Great choice of Cups, great choyce of wine there  
And since Abuse attends upon Excesse,  
Leading sweet Mirth to lothsome Drunkennesse,

A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might  
Inforce an undisposed Appetite :  
So that a sober mind may use his pleasure, (sure.  
And measure drinking, though not drinke by mea-

Meditat. I.

**N**O man is borne unto himselfe alone;  
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives to none :  
The World's a body, each man a member is,  
To adde some measure to the publike blisse;  
Where much is given, there much shall be requir'd,  
Where little, lesse; for riches are but hyr'd;  
Wisedome is sold for sweat; Pleasures for paine;  
Who lives unto himselfe, he lives in vaine;  
To be a Monarch is a glorious thing;  
Who lives not full of Care, he lives no King;  
The boundlesse glory of a King is such,  
To sweeten Care, because his Care is much;  
The Sun (whose radient beames reflect so bright)  
Comforts, and warmes, as well as it gives light,  
By whose example Phæbè (though more dim)  
Doe counterfeit his beames, and shines from him :  
So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone  
To pearch in glory on the Princely Thronc,  
But to direct in Peace, command in Warre  
Those Subjects, for whose sakes they onely are;  
So loyall subjects must adapt them to  
Such vertuous actions as their Princes doe :  
So shall his people, evcn as well as He,  
Princes (though in a lessler volume) be.  
¶ So often as I fixe my serious eye  
Vpon *Aßherus* Feast, me thinkes, I spyc

The Temple daunce, me thinkes, my ravisht care,  
 (Rapt with the secret musick that I heare)  
 Attends the warble of an Angels tonge,  
 Resounding forth this sence bereaving song;  
*Vashti shall fall, and Ester rise,*  
*Sion shall thrive, when Haman dies.*

Blest are the meetings, and the Banquets blest,  
 Where Angels caroll musicke to the Feast;  
 ¶ How doe our wretched times degenerate  
 From former ages ! How intemperate  
 Hath lavish custome made our bed-ride Age,  
 Acting obsceane Sceanes on her drunken Stage !  
 Our tinies are guidcd by a lewder lot,  
 As if that world another world begot :  
 Their friendly feasts were fill'd with sweet sobriety  
 Ours, with uncleane delights, and base ebriety ;  
 Theirs, the unvalued pride of Love intended ;  
 Ours seeke the cause, whereby our Love is ended.  
 How in so blind an age could those men see !  
 And in a seeing Age, how blinde are we !

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The King sends for the Queene; the Queene  
 Denies to come; His hasty spleene  
 Inflames, unto the Persian Lawes  
 He leaves the censure of his cause.*

## Sect. 2.

**T**O adde more honour to this Royall Feast,  
 That Glory may with Glory be increast,  
*Vashti the Queene (the fairest Queene on earth)*  
*She made a Feast, and put on jolly mirth,*

To

To bid sweet welcome with her Princely cheere  
To all her Guests; Her Guests all, women were.

By this the Royall bountie of the King  
Hath well-nigh spent the seven daies banqueting.  
Six loiall dayes have runne their howers out,  
And now the seventh revolves the weeke abour,  
Upon which day, (the Queenes unlucky Day)  
The King, with jollity intic'd away,  
And gently having slipt the stricter reynes  
Of Temperance, (that over-mirth restraines)  
Rose up, commanded that without delay,  
(How-e're the Persian custome doe gain-say  
That men and maried wives should feast together)  
That faire Queen Vashti be conducted thither,  
For him to shew the sweetnesse of her face,  
And peerlesse beauty mixt with Princely Grace;  
To wound their wanton hearts, and to surprize  
The Princes with th'A: ill'rie of her eyes.

But fairest Vashti (in whose scornfull Eyes  
More hauty Pride, than heavenly beauty lyes)  
With bold deniall of a flinty brest,  
Answer'd the longing of the Kings request;  
And (fill'd with scorne) return'd this message home  
~~Queen Vashti cannot, Vashti will not come;~~  
Wherat, as Boreas with his blustering,  
(When sturdy Aries ushers in the Spring)  
Here fells an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,  
Now holds his full-mouth'd blast, now lets it flee,  
So stormes the King; now pale, now fy'ry red,  
His colour comes and goes, his angry head  
He sternly shakes, spits his enraged spcene,  
Now on the messenger, now on the Queen:  
One while he deepliy waighes the foule contempt,  
And then his passion bids his wrath attempt.

A quicke revenge; now creepe into his thought  
 Such things as aggravate the peevious fault ;  
 The place, the persons present, and the time  
 Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.

But soone as Passion had restor'd the Reyne  
 To righteous Reason's government againe;  
 The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)  
 Roserr'd the triall to the Persian Lawes :  
 He call'd his learned Counsell, and display'd  
 The nature of his Grievance thus, and said :

*By vertue of a Husband, and a King,*  
*(To make complete our Royall banqueting)*  
*We gave command, we gave a strict command,*  
*That by the office of our Eunuchs bind,*  
*Queene Vashti shold in state attended be*  
*Into the presence of our Majestie;*  
*But in contempt, she sticks our dread behest*  
*Neglects performance of our deare Request,*  
*And (through disdaine) disloyally deny'd,*  
*Like a fise subject, and a faithlesse bride :*  
*Say then (my Lords) for you (being truly wise)*  
*Have braines to judge, and judgements, to advise;*  
*Say, boldly (say) what doe the Lawes assigne?*  
*What punishment? or what deserved Fine?*  
*Affuerus bids, the mighty King commands;*  
*Vashti denyes, the scornefull Queene withstands.*

### Meditat. 2.

**E**VILL maners breed good Lawes: And that's the  
 That e'r was made of bad: The Persian feast (best  
 (Finding the mischiefe that was growne so rife)  
 Admitted not with men a maried wife.

How

How carefull were they in preserving that,  
Which we so watchfull are to violate !  
O Chastity, the Flower of the soule,  
How is thy perfect fairenesse turn'd to foule !  
How are thy Blossomes blasted all to dust,  
By sudden lightning of untamed Lust !  
How hast thou thus defil'd thy Iy'ry feet !  
Thy sweetnesse that was once, how far from sweet !  
Where are thy maiden-smiles ? thy blushing check ?  
Thy Lamb-like countenance, so faire, so meeke ?  
Where is that spotlesse Flower that while-ere  
Within thy lilly-bosome thou didst weare ?  
Ha's wanton *Cupid* snatched it ? Hath his Dart  
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart ?  
Where dost thou bide ? the Country halfe disclames  
The City wonders when a body names thee : (thee;  
Or have the rurall Woods ingrost thee there,  
And thus forestall'd our empty markets here ?  
Sure th' art not, or kept where no man shoues thee;  
Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knowes  
¶ Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid, (thee.  
Desired not the fruit, she after did :  
Had not the Customc of those times ordain'd  
That women from mens feasts should be restrain'd,  
Perhaps (*Ashurus*) *Vashiti* might have dyed  
Vnsent for, and thy selfe beene undenyed :  
Such are the fruits of mirths, and wines abuse,  
Customes must crack, and love must break his truce,  
Conjugiall bands must loose, and sullen Hate  
Ensues the Feast, where Wine's immoderate.  
¶ More difficult it is, and greater skill  
To beare a mischiefe, than prevent an ill :  
Passion is naturall, but to bridle Passion,  
Is more divine, and vertues operation :

To doe amisse, is Natures act ; to erre,  
 Is but a wretched mortalls character :  
 But to prevent the danger of the ill,  
 Is more than Man , surpassing humane skill :  
 Who playes a happy game with cratty sleight,  
 Confirmes himselfe but Fortunes Favourite ;  
 But he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,  
 Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name ;  
 ¶ Lord, if my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill  
 To play them wisely' and make the best of ill.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The learned Counsell plead the case ;  
 The Queene degrad'd from her place ;  
 Decrees are sent throughout the Land,  
 That Wives obey, and men command.*

Sect. 3.

**T**He righteous Counsel (having heard the cause)  
 Adviz'd a while, (with respite of a pause,  
 Till ~~the man~~ (the first that silence brake)  
 Unseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespake :  
*The Great Assuerus Sou'reigne Lord and King,*  
*(To grace the period of his banqueting)*  
*Hath sent for Vashti ; Vashti would not come,*  
*And now it rests in us to give the doome.*  
*But lest that too much rashnesse violate*  
*The sacred Justice of our happy state,*  
*We first propound the heights of her offence,*  
*Next, the succeeding Inconveniencie,*  
*Wh:ch through the circumstances does augment,*  
*And so descend to th' equal punishment ;*

*Th' offence*

The offence propounded, now we must relate  
Such circumstances that might aggravate,  
And first, the Place, (the Palace of the King,)  
And next, the Time, (the Time of Banqueting)  
Lastly, the Persons, (Princes of the Land)  
Which witnesseth the contempt of the command;  
The Place, the Persons present, and the Time,  
Make foule the fault, make foule the Ladies crime;  
Nor was her fault unto the King alone,  
But to the Princes, and to every one,  
For when this speech divulg'd about shall be,  
Vashti the Queene withstood the Kings Decree.  
Women (that soone can an advantage take  
Of things which for their private ends doe make)  
Shall scorne their coward husbands, and despise  
Their deare requests within their scornfull eyes,  
And say, If we deny your best, then blame not,  
Ahasuerus sent for Vashti, but she came not;  
By Vashties patterne others will be taught;  
Thus her example's fouler than her fault:  
Now therefore if it like our gracious King,  
(Since he refers to us the censuring)  
Let him proclaime (which untransgressed be)  
His royall Edict, and his just Decree,  
That Vashti come no more before his face,  
But leave the iules of her Princeley place:  
Let firme divorce unloose the Nuptiall knot,  
And let the name of Queene be quite forgot,  
Let her estate, and princely dignity,  
Her Royall Crowne, and seat assigned be  
To one whose sacred vertue shall attaine  
As high perfection, as ber bold disdaine;  
So when this Royall Edict shall be fam'd,  
And through theseverall Provinces proclaim'd,

Disdaine.

*Dissainfull wives will learne, by Vashties fall,  
To answer gently to their Husbands call.*

Thus ended Memucan ; the King was pleas'd ;  
(His blustering passion now at length appeas'd )  
And soone apply'd himselfe to undertake,  
To put in practice what his Counsell spake :

So, into every Province of the Land,  
He sent his speedy Letters, with command,  
That Husbands rule their wives, & beare the sway,  
And by subjection teach their Wives t' obey.

---

*Medita. 3.*

**W**HÉ God with sacred breath did first inspire  
The new-made earth with quick, and holy  
He (well advising, what a goodly creature      (fire,  
He builded had, so like himselfe in feature)  
Forth-with concluded by his preservation  
T'eternize that great worke of Mans creation ;  
Into a sleepe he cast this living clay,  
Lockt up his sense with drowzy *Morpheus* key,  
Opened his fruitfull flanke, and from his side,  
He drew the substance of his helpfull Bride,  
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone  
He framed Woman, making two of one ;  
Thus broke in two, he did anew ordaine  
That these same two should be made One againe :  
Till singling Death this sacred knot undoe,  
And part this new-made One, once more in two.  
¶ Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,  
Let Ribs be His rogliphicks of their life :  
Ribs coast the Heart, and guard it round about,  
And like a trusty Watchkeepe danger out ;

So tender wives should loyally impart  
Their watchfull care, to fence their Spouses heart:  
All members else from out their places rove,  
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldom move:  
Women (like Ribs) must keepe their wonted home,  
And not (like Dinah that was ravisht) roome:  
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,  
They breake; If let alone, they bend enough:  
Women must (unconstrain'd) be plyent still,  
And gently bending to their Husbands will.  
The sacred Academy of mans life  
Is holy wedlocke in a happy Wife.

It was a wisemans spech, Could never they  
Know to command, that knew not first to obey:  
Where's then that high command? that ample fame  
Your sexe, to glorie their honour'd name,  
Your noble sexe in former dayes atchiev'd?  
Whose sounding praise no after-times out-liv'd.  
What brave exploits? what well-deserving glory?  
The subject of an everlasting story,  
Their hāds atchiev'd: they thrust their Scepters thō  
As well in Kingdomes, as in hearts of men;  
And sweet obedience was the lowly staire,  
Mounted their steps to that commanding chaire.  
¶ A Womans Rule should be in such a fashion,  
Onely to guide her houshold, and her passion:  
And her obedience never's out of season,  
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason:  
Ill thrives the haplesse Family, that shewes  
A Cocke that's silent, and a Hen that crowes.  
I know not which live more unnaturall lives,  
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Affuerus please d; his servants motion  
 Propounded, gaine his approbation.  
 Esters descent, her Lewish race:  
 Her beauties, and her perfit grace.

## Sect. 4.

**W**hen Time (that endeth all things) did as-  
 The burning Fever of Affuerus rage, (swage  
 And quiet satisfaction had assign'd  
 Delightfull Iu'lips to his troubled minde,  
 He call'd his old remenbrance to account  
 Of *Yaffhi*, and her Crimes that did amount  
 To th' summe of her divorceement: In his thought  
 He weigh'd the censure of her heedlesse fault:  
 His fawning servants willing to prevent him, (hini  
 Lest too much thought should make his love repent  
 Said thus: (*If it shall please our gracious Lord*  
*To crowne with audience his servants word*)  
*Let strict Inquest, and carefull Inquisition*  
*In all the Realme be made, and quicke provision*  
*Throughout the Medes and Persians all along*.  
*For comely Virgins, beautifull and yong,*  
*Whiche (curiously selected) let them bring*  
*Into the Royall Palace of the King;*  
*And let the Eunuchs of the King take care*  
*For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare*  
*Sweet Odours, choice Perfumes, and all things meet,*  
*To adde a greater sweetnesse to their sweet;*  
*And she, whose perfect beames shall best delight,*  
*And seeme most gracious in his princely sight;*

# The History of Queene Ester. III

To her be given the Conquest of her face,  
And be enthran'd in scornfull Vashties place.  
The project pleas'd the King, who straight requires  
That strict performance second their desires :  
Within the walls of Shusa dwelt there one,  
By breeding, and by birth a Jew, and knowne  
By th' name of Mordecai, of mighty kin,  
Descended from the Tribe of Benjamin,  
(Whose necke was subject to the slavish yoke,  
When Jeconiah was surpris'd and tooke,  
And caried captive into Babels Land,  
With strength of mighty Neb'chadnezzars hand ;)  
Within his house abode a Virgin bright,  
Whose name was Ester, or Hadassa hight,  
His brothers daughter, whom (her parents dead)  
This Jew did foster, in her fathers stead ;  
She wanted none, though father she had none,  
Her Uncles love allum'd her for his owne;  
Bright beames of beauty sticame from her eye,  
And in her cheeke sate maiden modesty ;  
Which peerlesse beauty lent so kinde a relish  
To modest vertue, that they did imbellish  
Each others ex'lence, with a full assent,  
In her to boast their perfect complement.

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## Meditat. 4.

The strongest Arcteries that knit and tye  
The members of a mixed Monarchy,  
Are learned Counsels, timely Consultations,  
Rip'ned Advice, and sage Deliberations ;  
And if those Kingdomes be but ill be-blest,  
Whose Rule's committed to a young mans brest ; . Then

Then such Estates are more unhappy farre,  
Whose choicest Councillors but Children are :  
How many Kingdomes blest with high renownc,  
(In all things happy else) have plac'd their crowne  
Vpon the Temples of a childish head,  
Vntill with ruine, King, or State be sped !  
What Massacres (begun by factious jarres,  
And ended by the spoile of civill warres)  
Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,  
And raz'd the glory' of many' a mighty State ?  
How many hopefull Princes (ill advis'd  
By young, & smooth-fac'd Counsell) have despis'd  
The sacred Oracles of riper yeares,  
Till deare Repentance washt the Land with teares !  
Witnesse thou lucklesse, and succeeding Son  
Of (Wisedomes Favourite) great *Salomon* ;  
How did thy rash, and beardless Counsell bring  
Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King ?  
And laying burthens on thy peoples necke,  
The weight hung sadly on thy bended backe.  
Thou second *Richard*, (once our Britaine King,  
whose Syr's, & Grandsyr's fame the world did ring)  
How was thy gentle nature led aside,  
By greene advisements, which thy State did guide,  
Vntill the title of thy Crowne did cracke,  
And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) were blacke ?  
¶ Now glorious Britaine, clap thy hands, and blesse  
Thy sacred fortunes ; for thy happynesse  
(As doth thy Iland) does it selfe divide,  
And sequester from all the world beside ;  
Blest are thy open Gates with joyfull peace,  
Blest are thy fruitfull barnes with sweet increase,  
Blest in thy Counsell, whose industrious skill,  
Is but to make thy fortunes happy still ;

In all things blest, that to a State pertaine;  
Thrice happy in my dreaded Soveraigne,  
My sacred Sov' raigne, in whose onely brest,  
A wise Assembly of Privie Counsells rest,  
Who conquers with his princely heart as far  
By peace, as Alexander did by War,  
And with his Olive branch more hearts did boord,  
Than daring cesar did, with Cesars sword:  
Long maist thou hold within thy Royall hand,  
The peacefull Scepter of our happy Land:  
¶ Great Iudah's Lyon, and the Flow'r of Iesse.  
Preserve thy Lyons, and thy Flowers bleſſe.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Faire Virgins brought to Hege's band,  
The custome of the Persian Land;  
Esters neglect of rich attire,  
To whet the wanton Kings desire.

---

Sect. 5.

**A**nd when the lustfull Kings Decree was read  
In ev'ry eare, and Shire proclaim'd, and spred;  
Forthwith unto the Eunuch Hege's hand  
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,  
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,  
To gaine the conquest of a princely prize;  
But none in peerless beauty shin'd so bright,  
As lovely Ester did, in Hege's sight:  
In loyall service he observed her;  
He sent for costly Oyles, and fragrant Myrrh,  
To fit her for the presence of the King:  
Rich Tyres, and change of vesture did he bring;

114 *The History of Queene Ester.*

Seven comely maides he gave, to tend upon her,  
To shew his service, and increase her honour :  
But she was watchfull of her lips, and wise,  
Disclosing not her kinred, or alyes:  
For trusty Mardochew's tender care  
Gave hopefull Ester Items to beware  
To blaze her kin, or make her people knowne,  
Lest for their sake, her hopes be overthowne.  
Before the Gates he to and fro did passe,  
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly Ester was,  
To understand how Ester did behave her,  
And how she kept her in the Eunuchs fauour.

Now when as Time had fittid ev'ry thing,  
By course, these Virgins came before the King.

Such was the custome of the Persian soyle,  
Sixe months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh & Oyle,  
Sixe months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,  
That perfect lust, and great excesse may meet ;  
What costly Robes, rare Jewels, rich attire,  
Or curious Fare, these Virgins did desire,  
'Iwas given, and freely granted, when they bring  
Their bodies to be prostrate to the King :  
Each Virgin keepeſ her turne, and all the night  
They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight,  
And soone as morning shall restore the day,  
They in their bosomes beare blacke night away,  
And (in their guilty brests, as are their sinnes  
Close prisoners) in the house of Concubines  
Remaine, untill the satiate King shall please  
To lend their pamperd bodyes a release.

Now when the turne of Ester was at hand,  
To satisfie the wanton Kings command,  
Shee sought not (as the rest) with brave attire,  
To lende a needleſſe ſpurce t' unchaste Desire,

Net

Nor yet endevours with a whorish Grace,  
To adulterate the beauty of her face :  
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver,  
But simply tooke, what gentle Hebe gave her :  
Her sober visage daily wan her honour :  
Each wandring eye inflam'd, that look'd upon her.

Meditat. 5.

W Hen God had with his All-producing Blast,  
Blowne up the bubble of the world, & plac't  
In order that, which he had made in measure,  
As well for necessary use, as pleasure :  
Then out of earthly mould he fram'd a creature  
Farre more Divine, and of more glorious feature  
Than earst he made, indu'd with understanding,  
With strength, victorious, & with awe commanding,  
With Reason, Wit, replete with Majesty,  
With heavenly knowledge, and Capacity,  
True embleme of his Maker : Him he made  
The sov'reigne Lord of all ; Him all obay'd ;  
Yeelding their lives (as tribute) to their King ;  
Both Fish, and Bird, and Beast, and every thing :  
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye,  
Stand radiant beames of awfull sov'reignty ;  
All Creatures else pore downward to the ground,  
Man lookest o'heaven, and al his thoughts rebound  
Upon the Earth (where tydes of pleasures meet)  
He treads, and daily tramples with his feet ;  
Which reade sweet Lectures to his wandring eyes,  
And teach his lustfull heart to moralize :  
Naked he liv'd, nak'd to the world he came ;  
For he had then nor fault to hide, nor shame :

116 *The History of Queene Ester.*

His state was levell, and he had free will  
To stand or fall, unforst to good or ill;  
Man had (such state he was created in)  
Within his pow'r, a power not to sin:  
But Man was tempted, ycelded, sinn'd, and fell,  
Abus'd his free-will, lost it, then befell  
A worse succeding state; who was created  
Complete, is now become poore, blind, and naked;  
He's drawne with head-strong bias unto ill,  
Bereft of active pow'r to will, or nill;  
A blessed Saint's become a balefull Devill,  
His free-will's onely stinted now to evill:  
Pleasure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes  
His Christall Temple of devotion lyes:  
Pleasure's the white, whereat he takes his levell,  
Which (too much wronged with the name of evill)  
With best of blessings takes her lofty seat,  
Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great:  
What's good, (like Iron) rusts for want of use,  
And what is bad is worsed with abuse;  
Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordained end  
Is but to sweeten labour, and attend  
The frailty of man, is now preferr'd so hie,  
To be his Lord, and beare the sov'raignty,  
Ruling his slavish thoughts, ignoble actions,  
And gaines the conquest of his best affections,  
Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,  
But force vaine pleasures to unwonted height:  
¶ Who addes excesse unto a lustfull heart,  
Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Ester's belov'd, wedded, crown'd;  
A treason Mordecai betrai'd;  
The Traitors are pursu'd, and found,  
And for their treason well appayd.

Sest. 6.

NOW, now the time is come, faire Ester must  
Expose her beautic to the Lethers lust;  
Now, now must Ester stake her honour downe,  
And hazzard Chastity, to gaine a Crowne;  
Gone, gone she is, attended to the Court,  
And spends the euening in the Princes sport:  
As when a Lady (walking Flora's Bowre)  
Picks here a Pinke, and there a Gilly-flowre,  
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,  
And then a Primerose, (the yeeres maiden-head)  
There, nips the Bryer; here, the Louers Pauncy.  
Shifting her dainty pleasures, with her Fancy,  
This, on her arme; and that, she lists to weare  
Upon the borders of her curious haire,  
At length, a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)  
She plucks, and bosomes in her Lilly brest:  
So when Afferus (tickled with delight)  
Perceiv'd the beauties of those virgins bright,  
He lik't them all, but when with strict revyc,  
He viewed Esters face, his wounded eye  
Sparkl'd, whilst Cupid with his youthfull Dart,  
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart;  
Ester is now his joy, and in her eyes,  
The sweetest flower of his Garland lyes:

118. *The History of Queene Ester.*

Who now but *Ester*? *Ester* crownes his blisse,  
And hee's become her prisoner, that was his:  
*Ester* obtaines the prize, her high desert  
Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart;  
I<sup>e</sup>, now *Io Hymen* sings; for she  
That crownes his joy, must likewise crowned be:  
The Crowne is set on Princely *Esters* head,  
*Ester* sits Queene in scornfull *Vashies* stead.

To consecrate this Day to more delights,  
In due solemnizing the nuptiall rites,  
In *Esters* name, *Affuerus* made a Feast,  
Invited all his Princes, and releast  
The hard taxation, that his heavy hand  
Laid on the subjects of his groning Land;  
No rites were wanting to augment his joyes,  
Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choyce:  
Yet had not *Esters* lavish tongue descri'd  
Her Iewish kin, or where she was aly'd;  
For still the words of *Mordecai* did rest  
Within the Cabbin of her Royall brest,  
Who was as plyent (being now a Queene)  
To sage aduice, as ere before shad been.

It came to passe, as *Mardochæus* sate  
Within the Portall of the Princes gate,  
He over-heard two servants of the King,  
Closly combin'd in hollow whispering,  
(Like whistling *Nosus* that foretells a raine)  
To breathe out treason 'gainst their Soveraigne:  
Which, soone as loyall *Mardochæus* heard,  
Forthwith to *Esters* presence he repair'd;  
Disclos'd to her, and to her care commended  
The Traitors, and the treason they intended:  
Whereat, the Queene (impatient of delay)  
Betrayd the Traitors, that would her betray,

And

And to the King unbosom'd all her heart,  
And who her Newes-man was, and his desert.

Now all on hurly-burly was the Court,  
All tongues were fill'd with wonder and report:  
The watch was set, pursuit was made about,  
To guard the King, and finde the Traitors out,  
Who found, and guilty found, by speedy triall,  
(Where witnessē speakes, what boots a bare denial)  
Were both hang'd up, upon the shamefull tree :  
(To beare such fruit let trees ne'r barren be : )  
And what succeeſſe this happy Day afforded,  
Was in the Persian Chronicles recorded.

---

*Meditat. 6.*

**T**HE hollow Concave of a humanc brest  
Is Gods Exchequer, and therein the best,  
And summe of all his chiefest wealth consists,  
Which he shuts up, and opens when he lists :  
No power is of man : To love or hate,  
Lyes not in mortals brest, or pow'r of Fate :  
Man wants the strength to sway his strong affectiōs  
What power is, is from Divine directions ;  
Which oft(unseene through dulnessse of the minde)  
We nick-name, Chance, because our selves are blind  
And that's the caufe, mans first beholding eye  
Oft loves, or hates, and knowes no reason why.  
¶ 'Twas not the brightnesse of *Rebecca's* face,  
Or servants skill, that wan the virgins grace :  
'Twas not the wish, or wealth of *Abraham*,  
Or *Isacks* fortune, or renowned name,  
His comely personage, or his high desert,  
Obtain'd the conquest of *Abbas* heart :

Old Abra'm wisht, in secret God directed ;  
 'Twas Abra'm vs'd the meanes; 'twas God effected :  
 Best marriage's are made in heauen ; In heauen,  
 The hearts are ioyned; in earth the hands are glu'en,  
 First God ordaines, then man confirmes the Loue,  
 Proclaiming that on earth, was done aboue.  
 ¶ 'Tw as not the sharpnesse of thy wandring eye,  
 (Great King Assuerus) to picke Maiesty  
 Fr om out the sadnesse of a Captiuers face ;  
 'Tw as not alone thy chusing, nor her grace;  
 Who mounts the meeke, and beates the lofty down  
 Gau thee the heart to chuse, gau her the Crowne :  
 Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,  
 He blest thy fortunes with a second life ;  
 That brest that entertain'd so sweet a Bride,  
 Stood faire to Treason, (by her meanes descride ; )  
 With double fortunes, we're thou doubly blest,  
 To finde so faire, and scape so foule a guest.  
 ¶ Thou aged father of our yeeres, and howres,  
 (For thou as well discouerst, as deouores)  
 Search still the entrails of thy iust Records,  
 Wherein are entred the diurnall words  
 And deeds of mortall men ; Bring (thou) to light  
 All trech'rous projects, mann'd by craft, or might ;  
 With Towr's of Brasie, their faithfull hearts imbose  
 That beare the Christian colours of the Crosse.  
 ¶ And Thou Preseruer of all mortall things,  
 Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings  
 By whom all Kingdomes stand, and Princes raigne  
 Preserue thy CHARLES, and my deare Soueraigne  
 Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atomes, fly,  
 And on their heads pay ten-fold vsury ;  
 His bosome tuter, and his safety tender :  
 O be thou his, as hee's thy Faiths Defender :

That

That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,  
And we of both may live and dye possest.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*The line of Haman, and his race ;  
His fortunes in the Princes grace :  
His rage to Mordecai express'd,  
Not bowing to him, as the rest.*

---

Sect. 7.

Vpon a time, to Persias Royall Court,  
A forraigne Stranger used to resort,  
He was the issue of a Royall breed,  
The off-cast off-spring of the cursed seed  
Of Amelek from him descended right,  
That sold his birth-right for his Appetite;  
*Haman* his name; His fortunes did improve,  
Increast by favour of the Princes love:  
Full great he grew, preferd to high command,  
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land:  
And since that honour, and due reverence  
Belong where Princes give preminence;  
The King commands the servants of his State,  
To suite respect to *Haman*'s high estate,  
And doe him honour, fitting his degree,  
With vailed Bonnet, and low bended knee :  
They all observ'd; But aged *Mordccai*  
(Whose stubborne joyns neglected to obey  
The seed which Heaven with infamy had brâded)  
Stoutly refused what the King commanded ;  
Which, when the servants of the King had seenc,  
Their fell disdaine, mixt with an envious spleene,  
Inflam'd;

Infam'd; They question'd how he durst withstand  
 The just performance of the Kings Command :  
 Daily they checkt him for his high disdaine,  
 And he their checks did daily entertaine  
 With silent slight behaviour, which did prove  
 As full of care, as their rebukes of love.

Since then their hearts (not able to abide  
 A longer suffrance of his peevish pride)  
 (Whose scorching fires, passion did augment,) Must either breake, or finde a speedy vent :  
 To Haman they th'unwelcome newes related,  
 And what they said, their malice aggravated.  
 Envie did ope her Snake-devouring Lawes,  
 Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her usked Pawes,  
 Her hollow eyes did cast out sudden flame,  
 And pale as ashes lookt this angry Dame,  
 And thus bespake ! *Art thou that man of might,*  
*That Impe of Glory? Times great Favorite?*  
*Hath thy deserved worth restor'd againe*  
*The blemisht honour of thy Princely straine?*  
*Art thou that wonder which the Persian State*  
*Stands gazing at somuch, and peynning at?*  
*Filling all wondring eyes with Admiracion,*  
*And every loyall heart with Adoration?*  
*Art thou that mighty He ? How hap's it then*  
*That wretched Mordecai, the worst of men,*  
*A captive slave, a superstitious Jew,*  
*Slights thee, and robs thee of thy rightfull due?*  
*Nor was his fault disguis'd with Ignorance,*  
*(The unfee'd Advocate of sinne) or Chance,*  
*But backt with Arrogance and foyle Despise:*  
*Rise up, and doe thy suffring honour right.*

Vp (like his deepe Revenge) rose Haman then,  
 And like a sleeping Lion from his Den,

Rouz'd

Rouz'd his relentless Rage; But when his eye  
Confirm'd the newes Report did testifie,  
His Reason straight was heav'd from off his henge,  
And Fury rounded in his eare, Revenge,  
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began :

There's nothing (Haman) is more deare to man,  
And cooles his boylng veines with sweeter pleasure,  
Than quicke Revenge; for to revenge by leisure,  
Is but like feeding, when the stomake's past,  
Pleasing nor eager appetite, nor taste :  
Yet when delay returnes Revenge the greater,  
Like poynant saunce, it makes the meat the sweeter :  
It fits not th' honour of thy personage,  
Nor stands it with thy Greatnesse, to ingage  
Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poore,  
To be reveng'd on one alone : thy sore  
Needs many plasters : make thy honour good,  
Not with a drop, but with a world of blood:  
Borrow the Sythe of Time, and let thy Paslion  
Mowe downe thy Iewish Foe, with all his Nation.

---

Meditat. 7.

Fights God for cursed Amalek ? That hand  
That once did curse, doth now the curse with-  
Is God unjust ? Is Justice fled from heaven ; (stand :  
Or are the righteous Ballances uneven ?  
Is this that Iust Ichova's sacred Word ,  
Firmely inroll'd within the Lawes Record ,  
He fight with Amalek, destroy his Nation ,  
And from remembrance blurre his Generation ?  
What, shall his Curse to Amalek be voyd ?  
And with those plagues shall Isr'el be destroyd ?

Ah,

Ah, sooner shall the sprightly flames of fire  
 Descend and moysten; and dull earth, aspire,  
 And with her drynesse quench faire *Titan*s heate,  
 Then shall thy words, and just Decrees retreat :  
 The Day, (as weary of his burthen) tyres;  
 The Yeere (full laden with her months) expires :  
 The heav'ns (grown great with age) must soone de-  
 The pondrous earth in time shall passe away ; (cay  
 But yet thy sacred Words shall alway flourish,  
 Though daies, & yeres, & heavē & earth do perish.

How perkes proud *Haman* then? What prosp'rous  
 Exalts his Pagan head ? How fortunate (fate  
 Hath favour crown'd his times) Hath God decreed  
 No other Curse upon that cursed seed ?

The mortall eye of man can but perceive  
 Things present; when his heart cannot conceive,  
 Hee's either by his outward senses guided,  
 Or, like a *Quere*, leaves it undecided:  
 The fleshly eye that lends a feble sight,  
 Failes in extent, and hath no further might  
 Than to attaine the object : and there ends  
 His office; and of what it apprehends,  
 Acquaints the understanding, which conceives,  
 And descants on that thing the sight perceives,  
 Or good, or bad; unable to project  
 The just occasion, or the true effect :  
 Man sees like man, and can but comprehend  
 Things as they present are, not as they end ;  
 God sees a Kings heart, in a shepheards brest,  
 And in a mighty King, he sees a Beast:  
 'Tis not the Spring-tide of an high estate  
 Creates a man (thouugh seeming) Fortunate :  
 The blaze of Honour, Fortunes sweet excesse,  
 Doe undeserve the name of Happinesse :

The

The frownes of indisposed Fortune makes  
Man poore, but not unhappy. He that takes  
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poore  
And lets in Fortune at a backer doore.  
¶ Lord, let my fortunes be or rich, or poore:  
If small, the lesse account; if great, the more.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

Unto the King proud Haman sues,  
For the destruction of the Iewes:  
The King consents, and in his name  
Decrees were sent i' effect the same.

---

Sect. 8.

NOW when the yeer had turn'd his course about  
And fully worne his weary howers out,  
And left his circling travell to his heire,  
That now sets onset to th' ensuing yeere,  
Proud Haman (pain'd with travell in the birth,  
Till after-time could bring his mischiefe forth)  
Casts Lots, from month to month, from day to day,  
To picke the choycest time, when Fortune may  
Be most propitious to his damned plot;  
Till on the last month fell th' unwilling Lot:  
So Haman guided by his Idoll Fate,  
(Cloking with publike good his private Hate)  
In plaintiffe tearmes, where Reason forg'd a rellish  
Unto the King, his speech did thus imbellish:  
*Vpon the limis of this happy Nation,*  
*There flotes a skumme, an off cast Generation,*  
*Disperst, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,*  
*And Refractory to the Lawes, to thy command,*

Nec

126 *The History of Queene Ester.*

Not scorning to by Power, but despising  
All Government, but of their owne devising,  
Which stirrs the glowing embers of division,  
The batefull mother of a States perdition,  
The which (not soone redrest by Reformation)  
Will ruine breed to thee, and to thy Nation,  
Begetting Rebels, and seditious broyles,  
And fill thy peacefull Land, with bloody spoyles:

Now therefore, if it please my gracious Lord,  
To right this grievance with his Princely sword;  
That Death, and equall Justice may o'rwheleme  
The secret Ruiners of thy sacred Realme,  
Unto the Royall Treasure of the King,  
Ten thousand silver Talents will I bring.

Then gave the King, from off his heedlesse hand  
His Ring to Haman, with that Ring command,  
And said: Thy proffer'd wealth possesse,  
Yet be thy just Petition ne'rthelesse  
Entirely granted. Loe, before thy face  
Thy vassals tye, with all their rebell race;  
Thine be the people, and the power thine,  
Talor these Rebels their deserved Fine.

Forthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appeare,  
Decrees were written, sent to ev'ry Shiere;  
To all Lieutnants, Captaines of the Band,  
And all the Provinces throughout the Land,  
Stil'd in the name and person of the King,  
And made authentick with his Royall Ring;  
By speedy Post-men were the Letters sent;  
And this the summe is of their sad content:

A S S V E R V S R E X.

Let ev'ry Province in the Persian Land,  
(Upon the Day prefixt) prepare his hand,  
To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,

And

And from the earth to root the Iewis brood :  
And let the softnesse of no partiall heart,  
Through melting pity, love, or false deserpt,  
Spare either yong or old, or man, or woman,  
But like their faultes, so let their plagues be common.  
Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,  
And given at Sushan, from our Royall Place.

So Haman fill'd with joy (his fortunes blest  
With faire successe of his so soule request)  
Laid care aside to sleepe, and with the King,  
Consum'd the time in jolly banqueting :  
Meane while, the Iewes, (the poore afflicted Iewes  
Perplext, and startl'd with the new-bred newes)  
With drooping heads, and selfe-imbracing armes,  
Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harmes.

---

Medita. 8.

O F all diseases in a publike weale,  
No one more dangerous, and hard to heale,  
(Except a tyrant King) then when great might  
Is trusted to the hands, that take delight  
To bathe, and paddle in the blood of those,  
Whom jealousies, and not just cause oppose :  
For when as haughty power is conjoyned  
Vnto the will of a distemper'd mind,  
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,  
It in it selfe, hath power to fulfill:  
What mischiefe then can linger, unattempted?  
What base attempts can happen, unprevented?  
Statutes must breake, good Lawes must go to wrack  
And (like a Bow that's overbent) must cracke :  
Justice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,  
That (over-doing right) it proves injurious.

Mercy.

Mercy (the Steare of Iustice) flyes the City,  
 And falsly must be term'd, a foolish Pity,  
 Meane while the gracious Princes tender brest  
 (Gently possest with nothing but the best  
 Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd  
 And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd:  
 The radient beames that warme, & shine so bright,  
 Comfort this lower world with heat, and light,  
 But drawne, and recollected in a glasse,  
 They burne, and their appointed limits passe:  
 Even so the power from the Princes hand,  
 Directs the subject with a sweet command,  
 But to perverse fantasticks if confer'd,  
 Whom wealth, or blinded Fortune hath prefer'd,  
 It spurres on wrong, and makes the right retire,  
 And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire:  
 Their foule intent, the Common good pretends,  
 And with that good, they maske their private ends,  
 Their glorie's dimme, and cannot b'understood,  
 Vnlesse it shine in pride, or swimme in blood:  
 Their will's a Law, their mischiefe Policy,  
 Their frownes are Death, their power Tyranny:  
 Ill thrives the State, that harbours such a man,  
 That can, what e'r he wills; wills, what he can.

May my ungarnisht quill presume so much,  
 To glorifie it selfe, and give a touch  
 Vpon the lland of my Sov'reigne Lord?  
 What language shall I use, what new-found word,  
 T'abridge the mighty volume of his worth,  
 And keepe me blamel esse, from th' untimely birth  
 Of (false reputed) flattery? He lends  
 No cursed Haman pow'r, to worke his Ends  
 Vpon our ruine, but transferres his grace  
 On just desert, which in the ugly face

Of

Of soule Detraction, (untoucht) can dare,  
And smile, till blackmouth'd Envy blush, and tare  
Her Snaky fleece. Thus, thus in happy peace  
He rules, to make our happinesse increase,  
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,  
And in his brest he beares a Living Law :  
Defend us thou, and heavens thee defend,  
And let proud Haman have proud Hamans end.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Iewes, and Mordecai lament,*  
*And waile the height of their distresses :*  
*But Mordecai the Queene possesses,*  
*With cruell Hamans foule intent.*

---

Sect. 9.

NOW when as Famine (the daughter of the earth  
Newly dis-burthen'd of her plumed birth)  
From off her Turrets did her wings display,  
And pearcht in the sad eares of Mordecai,  
He rent his garments, wearing in their stead  
Distressed sackcloth : on his fainting head  
He strowed Dust, and from his shoutring eyes  
Ran floods of sorrow, and with bitter cryes  
His griefe saluted heaven; his groanes did borrow  
No Art, to draw the true pourtraiet of sorrow :  
Nor yet within his troubled brest alone,  
(Too small a stage for griefe to trample on)  
Did Tyrant sorrow affer lively Sceane,  
But did inlarge (such griefe admits no meane)  
The lawlesse limits of her Theater  
Ith' hearts of all the Iewish Nation, where

K

With

130 . *The History of Queene Ester.*

(With no dissembled Action) she exprest  
The lively Passion of a pensive brest.  
Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,  
T'acquaint queene *Ester* with his sad estate,  
But found no entrance : for the Persian Court  
Gave welcome to delights, and youthful sport,  
To jolly mirth, and such delightfull things :  
Soft raiment best befits the Courts of Kings;  
There lyes no welcome for a whining face,  
A mourning habit suits no Princely Place :  
Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the queen  
(Vnable of themselves to helpe) had seene,  
Their Royall Mistresse straight they did acquaint  
With the dumb-shew of her sad Cousins plaint;  
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)  
Perplext, and forced by the tender Laws  
Of deare Affection, her gentle heart  
Did sympathize with his conceived smart:  
She sent him change of raiment to put on,  
To vaile his griefe; But he received none :  
Then (sore dismay'd, impatient to forbear  
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to heare)  
She sent her servant to him, to importune,  
What sudden Chance, or what disast'rous fortune  
Had caus'd this strange, and ill-apparell'd griefe,  
That she (if in her lyes) may send reliefe:  
To whom his sorrowes made this sad Relation,  
And this, the tenor of his Declaration :  
Hamans, (*that cursed Hamans*) haughty pride,  
(Because my knee deservedly denyde  
To make an Idoll of his Greatnesse) hath  
Incest the fury of his jealous wrath,  
And profer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood  
Of me, and all the faithfull Jewis brood :

Lo,

Loo; here the copy, granted by the King,  
Siel'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring,  
By vertue of the whic h, into his hands,  
Curst Haman hath ingrost our lives, our lands :  
Goe tell the Queene, it resteth in her powers  
To helpe; the case is hers as well as Ours :  
Goe tell my Cousin Queen, it is her charge,  
To use the meanes, whereby she may inlarge  
Her aged kinsmans life, and all her Nation;  
Preferring to the King her supplication.

---

Meditat. 9.

W<sup>H</sup>o hopes t'attain the sweet Elyian Layes  
To reap the harvest of his well spent daies  
Must passe the joylesse streames of Acaron,  
The scorching waves of burning Phlegeton,  
And sable billowes of the Stygian Lake :  
Thus sweet with sowre, each mortall must partake.  
What joyfull Harvester did ere obtaine  
The sweet fruition of his hopefull gaine,  
Vntill his hardy labours first had past  
The Summers heat, and stormy Winters blast ?  
A sable night returnes a shining morrow ;  
And dayes of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow:  
The way to blisse lyes not on beds of Downe,  
And he that had no Croſſe, deserves no Crowne :  
There's but one Heav'n, one placee of perfect ease,  
In man it lies, to take it where he please,  
Above, or here below; And few men doe  
Injoy the one, and taſt the other too ;  
Sweating, and constant labour wins the Goale  
Of Rest; Afflictions clarifie the soule,

132 *The History of Queene Ester.*

And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,  
Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections :  
Wisedome (the Antidote of sad despaire)  
Makes sharpe Afflictions seeme not as they are;  
Through patient suffrance; and doth apprehend,  
Not as they seeming are, but as they end :  
To beare Affliction with a bended brow,  
Or stubborne heart, is but to disallow  
The speedy meanes to health; salve heales no sore,  
If mis-apply'd, but makes the griefe the more :  
Who sends Affliction, send an end; and He  
Best knowes what's best for him, what's best for me:  
'Tis not for me to carue me where I like;  
Him pleases when he list, to stroake or strike :  
He neither wish, nor yet avoid Tentation,  
But still expect it, and make Preparation :  
If he thinke best my Faith shall not be tryde,  
(Lord)keep me spotless from presumptuous pride  
If otherwise; with tryall, give me care,  
By thankfull patience, to prevent Despaire;  
Fit me to beare what e'r thou shalt asigne;  
I kisse the Rod, because the Rod is thine.  
How-e'r, let me not boast, nor yet repine,  
With triall; or without (Lord) make me thine.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Her ayd implor'd, the Queene refuses  
To helpe them, and her selfe excuses:  
But (urged by Mordecai) consents  
To die, or crosse their foes intents.

Sect. 10.

Now when the servant had return'd the words  
Of wretched Mordecai, like pointed swords,  
They neare impierc't Queene Ester's tender heart,  
That well could pity, but no helpe impart;  
Ballac'd with grieve, and with the burthen foyld,  
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd) she thus recoyld:  
*Goe, Hatach, tell my wretched kinsman thus,*  
*The case concernes not you alone, but us:*  
*We are the subject of proud Hamans hate,*  
*As well as you; our life is pointed at*  
*As well as yours, or as the meanest Icw,*  
*Nor can I helpe my selfe, nor them, nor you:*  
*You know the Cusome of the Persian State,*  
*No King may breake, no subject violate:*  
*How may I then presume to make acceso*  
*Before th' offended King? or rudely preffe*  
*(Uncall'd) into his presence? How can I*  
*Expect my suit, and have deseru'd to dye?*  
*May my desires hope to finde successe,*  
*When to effect them, I the Law transgresse?*  
*These thirty dayes uncall'd for have I bin*  
*Vnto my Lord; How dare I now goe in?*  
*Goe, Hatach, and returne this heawy newes*  
*And shew the truth of my unforc'd excuse.*

134 The History of Queene Ester.

Whercof when Mordecai was full posseit,  
His troubled soule he boldly thus exprest :

Goe, tell the fearfull Queene; too great's her feare,  
Too small her zeale, her life she rates too deare :  
How poore' sth' adventure, to ingage thy blood,  
To save thy peoples life, and Churches good ?  
To what advantage canst thou more expose  
Thy life than this ? Th' ast but a life to lose ;  
Thinke not, thy Greatnesse can excuse our deaib,  
Or save thy life; thy life is but a breath  
As well as ours, (Great Queene) thou hop'st in vaine,  
In saving of a life, a life to gaine :  
Who knowes if God en purpose did intend  
Thy high preferment for this happy end ?  
If at this needfull time thou spare to speake,  
Our speedy helpe shal (like the morning) breake.  
From heaven, together with thy woes; and he  
That succours us, shall heape his plagues on thce.

Which when queene Ester had right well perus'd  
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,  
Startled with zeale, not daring to deny,  
She rouz'd her faith, and sent this meeke reply:

Since heaven it is endowes each enterprize  
With goods susceſſe, and onely in us lies  
To plant, and water; let us first obtaine  
Heavens high Assistance, leſt the worke be vaine:  
Let all the Lewes in Susa summon'd be,  
And keepe a ſolemne three dayes Fast, and we,  
With all our ſervants, and our maiden traine,  
Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abſtaixe :  
Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repaire,  
(How e'r my boldneſſe ſhall bis Lawes contrarie,)  
And bravely wel come Death before mine eye,  
And ſcorne her power: If I dye, I dye.

Meditat.

Meditat. 10.

A S in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,  
(Whose carefull Summer-providence foresegs  
Th' approaching fruitlesse Winter, which denies  
The crowne of labour) some with laden thighs  
Take charge to beare their waxy burthens home;  
Others receive the welcome load; and some  
Dispose the waxe; others, the plot contrive;  
Some build the curious Comib, some guard the Hive  
Like armed Centinels; others distraine  
The purer hony from the wax; some traine,  
And discipline the young, while others drive  
The sluggish Drones, from their deserved Hive:  
Thus in this Common-wealth (untaught by Art)  
Each winged Burger acts his busie part;  
So man (whose first Creation did intend,  
And chiefly pointed at no other end,  
Then (as a faithfull Steward) to receive  
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live,)  
Must suit his deare indeavour to his might;  
Each one must lift, to make the burthen light,  
Proving the power, that his gifts afford,  
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,  
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake  
We live and breath; each his account must make,  
Or more, or lesse; and he whose power lacks  
The meanes to gather honey, must bring waxe:  
Five Talents double five; two render foure;  
Wher's little, little's crav'd, where much, there's  
Kings by their Royall priviledge may doe, (more:  
What unbefits a mind to search into,

But by the force of their Prerogatives,  
 They cannot free the custome of their lives :  
 The silly Widow (from whose wrinkled browes  
 Faint drops distill, through labour that she owes  
 Her needy life,) must make her Audite too,  
 As well as Kings, and mighty Monarkes doc :  
 The world's a Stage, each mortall acts thereon,  
 As well the King that glitters on the Throne,  
 As needy beggers : Heav'n Spectator is,  
 And markes who acteth well, and who amisse.

¶ What part befits me best, I cannot tell :  
 It matters not how meane, so acted well.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Vnto the King Queene Ester goes,*  
*He unexpected favour shewes,*  
*Demands her suit, she doth request*  
*The King and Haman to a Feast.*

## Sect. II.

**W**hen as Queene Esters solemne 3. daies Fast  
 Had feasted heaven, with a sweet repast,  
 Her lowly bended body she unbow'd,  
 And (like faire Titan breaking from a cloud)  
 She rose, and with her Royall Robes she clad  
 Her liveleſſe limmes, and with a face as sad  
 As griefe could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow  
 A needleleſſe helpe to counterfeit a sorrow,)  
 Softly she did direct her feeble pace  
 Vnto the inner Court, where for a space,  
 She boldly stood before the Royall Throne,  
 Like one that would, but durst not make her mone :  
 Which

Which when her princely husband did behold,  
His heart relented, (Fortune helps the bold)  
And to exprest a welcome unexpected,  
Forth to the Queene his Scepter he directed;  
Whom (now imboldned to approch secur'd)  
In gracious termes, he gently thus conjur'd:

*What is't Queene Ester would? What sad request  
Hangs on her lips, dwells in her doubfull brest?  
Say, say, (my lifes preserver) what's the thing,  
That lyes in the performance if a King,  
Shall be deny'd? Faire Queene, what e're is mine  
Unto the moity of my Kingdome's thine.*

So Ester thus: *If in thy princely eyes  
Thy loyall servant hath obtain'd the prize  
Of undesirued faveur, let the King  
And Haman grace my this dayes-banqueting,  
To crowne the dainties of his handmaids Feast,  
Humbly devoted to so great a Guest.*

The motion pleas'd, and fairly well succeeded:  
(To willing mindes, no twice intreaty needed)  
They came; but in *Queene Ester's* troubled face,  
(Robd of the sweetnesse of her wonted grace)  
The King read discontent; her face divin'd  
The greatnessse of some further suit behinde.

*Say, say, (thou bounteous haruest of my joyes)  
(Said then the King) what dumpish grieve annoyes  
Thy troubled soule? Speake, Lady, what's the thing  
Thy heart desires? By th' onour of a King,  
My Kingdomes halfe, requested, I le divide  
To faire Queene Ester, to my fairest Bride.*

*To then the tenour of my deare request,  
(Reply'd the Queene,) unto a second Feas,  
Thy humble suitor doth presume to bid  
The King, and Haman, as before she did:*

Now therefore if it please my gracious Lord,  
 To dasgne his Royall presence, and afford  
 The peerlesse treasure of his Princely Grace,  
 To dry the sorowes of his Handmaids face,  
 Then to my Kingly, and thrice-welcome Guest.  
 His servant shall unbosome her Request.

*Medita 11.*

**H**E that invites his Maker to a Feast,  
 (Advising well the greatnesse of his Guest).  
 Must purge his dining chamber from infections,  
 And sweepe the Cobwebs of his lewd affections,  
 And then provide such Cates, as most delight  
 His Palate, and best please his Appetite :  
 And such are holy workes, and pious deeds,  
 These are the dainties whercon heaven feeds :  
 Faith playes the Cook, seasons, directs, and guides ;  
 So man findes meat, so God the Cooke provides :  
 His drinke are teares, sprung from a midnight cry,  
 Heaven sips out Nectar from a sinners eye ;  
 The dining Chamber is the soule opprest ;  
 God keepes his revells in a Sinner's brest :  
 The musicke that attends the Feast, are grones,  
 Deep-sounding sighes, and loud-lamenting mones :  
 Heav'n heares no sweeter musick, than complaints ;  
 The Feasts of sinners, are the Feasts of Saints,  
 To which heav'n dains to stoop, & heav'ns hie King  
 Descends, whilst all the quire of Angels sing,  
 And with such sense-bereaving Sonnets fill  
 The hearts of wretched men, that my rude quill  
 (Dazeld with too much light) it selfe addressing  
 To blaze them forth, obscures the in th'expressing:  
 Thrice

Thrice happy man, and thrice thrice happy Feast,  
Grac'd with the presence of so great a Guest ;  
To him are freely giv'n the privy keyes  
Of heav'n and earth, to open when he please,  
And locke when e're he list; In him it lyes  
To ope the shoutring flood-gates of the skies,  
Or shut them at his pleasure ; in his hand  
The Host of heaven is put ; if he command,  
The Sunne (not daring to withstand) obeys,  
Out-runnes his equall howres, flies back, or stayes,  
To him there's nought uneasie to atchieve ;  
Hee'l le rouze the graves, and make the dead alive.  
¶ Lord, I'me unfit t'invite thee to my home,  
My Cates are all too coorse, too meane my Roome :  
Yet come and welcome ; By thy pow'r Divine,  
Thy Grace may turne my Water into Wine.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

Good Mordecai's unreverence  
Great Hamans haughty pride offends :  
H'acquaints his wife with the offence,  
Tbe counsell of his wife and friends.

---

Sect. 12.

That day went Haman forth ; for his swolne brest  
Was fill'd with joyes, and heart was full possest  
Of all the height Ambition could require,  
To satisfie her prodigall Desire.

But when he passed through the Palace Gate,  
(His eye-sore) aged Mardochæus satre,  
With head unbar'd, and stubborne knee unbent,  
Vnapt to fawne, with slavish blandishment :

Which

140    *The History of Queene Ester.*

Which when great Haman saw, his boiling brest  
(So great disdaine unable to digest)  
Ran o're ; his blood grew hot, and new desires  
Incest, and kindled his avenging fires :  
Surcharg'd with griefe, and sick with male-content  
Through his distemper'd passion, home he went ;  
Where (to asswage the swelling of his sorrow  
With words, the poorest helps distresse can borrow )  
His wife, and friends he summon'd to partake  
His cause of discontent, and thus bespeak :  
See, see, how Fortune with a lib'rall hand,

Hath with the best, and sweetest of the Land,  
Crown'd my desires, and bath timely blowne  
My budded hopes, whose ripeness hath out-growne  
The limits, and the height of expectation,  
Scarce to be had, but in a Contemplation :

See, see, how Fortune (to enlarge my breath,  
And make me living in despight of Death)  
Hath multiply'd my laynes, that after-Fame  
May in my stocke preserve my Blood, my Name !

To make my honour with my fortunes even,  
Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given  
And trustea to my hand the sword of Pow'r ;  
Or life, or death lies where I laugh or lowre :  
Who stands more gracious in my Princes eye ?  
How frownes the King, if Haman be not by ?

Ester the Queene bath made the King her Guest,  
And (wisely weighing how to grace the Feast  
With most advantage) hath (in policy)

Invited me : And no man else but I  
(Onely a fit Companion for a King)  
May taste the secrets of the banqueting

Yet what availes my wealth, my place, my might ?  
How can I relish them ? with what delight ?

Wbae

THE ARGUMENT.

The King askes Haman, what respects  
Befits the man that he affects ;  
And with that honour doth appay  
The good deserts of Mordecai.

Sect. 13.

Now when as *Morpheus* (Serjeant of the night)  
Had laid his mace upon the dawning light,  
And with his lustlesse limbs had closly spred  
The fable Curtaines of his drowzie Bed,  
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)  
Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest  
Kept midnight Revells.  
Wherefore (to recollect his randome thought)  
He gave command the Chronicles be brought,  
And read before him, where, with good attention,  
He mark'd how *Mordecai* (with faire prevention)  
Of a soule treason 'gainst his blood intended)  
His life, and state had loyally defended ;  
Whereat the King (impatient to repay  
Such faithfull service, with the least delay)  
Gently demands, What thankfull recompence,  
What worship, or deserved reverence,  
Equivalent to such great service, hath  
Iustly repayd this loyall Liege-mans faith ?  
They answer'd, none : Now *Haman* (fully bent  
To give the vessell of his poison, vent)  
Stood ready charg'd with fell Revenge, prepar'd  
To beg his life, whom highly to reward,  
The King intends : Say (Haman) quoth the King,  
*What worship, or what honourable thing*

Beg

Best fits the person, whom the King shall place  
Within the bounty of his highest Grace?

So Haman thus bethought, whom more than I  
Deserves the Sun-shine of my Princes eye?  
Whom seekes the King to honour more than me?  
From Hamans mouth shal Haman honour'd be?  
Speake freely then; And let thy tongue proclaime  
An honour fitting to thy worth, thy name:  
So Haman thus: This honour, this respect  
Be done to him the King shall most affect;  
In Robes Imperiall be his body drest,  
And bravely mounted on that very Beast.  
The King bestrides; then be the Crowne of State  
Plac'd on his lofty browes; let Princes waite  
Upon his Stirrop, and in triumph leade  
This Impe of Honour, in Assuerus stead;  
And to exprefse the glory of his name,  
Like Heralds, let the Princes thus proclaime;  
This peerlesse honour, and these Princely rites  
Be done to him, in whom the King delights.  
Said then the King, (O sudden change of Fate!)  
Within the Portall of our Palace Gate  
There sits a Jew, whose name is Mordecai,  
Be he the man; Let no peruerse delay  
Protract; But what thy lavish tongue hath said,  
Doe thou to him: So Haman sore dismaid:  
His tongue (ty'd to his Roofe) made no reply,  
But (neither daring answer nor deny)  
Perforce obeyd, and so his Page became,  
Whose life he sought to have bereav'd with shame:  
The Rites solemniz'd, Mordecais return'd  
Vnto the Gate; Haman went home and mourn'd,  
(His visage muffled in a mournfull vale)  
And told his wife this melancholy Tale;

Whereas

Wherat amaz'd, and startled at the newes,  
Despairing, thus she spake : If from the Iewes  
This Mordecai derive his happy line,  
His be the palme of victory, not thine ;  
The highest heavens have still conspir'd to blesse  
That faithfull seed, and with a faire successe  
Have crown'd their just designes : If Mordecai  
Desend from thence, thy hopes shall soone decay,  
And melt like waxe before the mid-day Sun.  
So said, her broken speech not fully done,  
Haman was hasted to Queene Ester's Feast ;  
To mirth and joy, an indisposed Guest.

---

Meditat. 13.

There's nothing under heaven more glorified  
The name of King, or in a subjects eyes  
Winnes more observance, or true loyalty,  
Than sacred Justice, shared equallly :  
No greater glory can belong to Might,  
Than to defend the feeble in their right ;  
To helpe the helpless, and their wrongs redresse,  
To curbe the haughty-hearted, and suppresse  
The proud ; requiting ev'ry speciall deed  
With punishment, or honourable meed :  
Herein Kings aptly may deserve the name  
Of Gods, enshrined in an earthly frame ;  
Nor can they any way approach more neare  
The full perfection of a Deity,  
Than by true Justice, imitating heaven  
In nothing more, than in the poizing eaven  
Their righteous ballance : Justice is not blind,  
As Poets feigne ; but, with a sight refin'd,

L

Her

Her Lyncian eyes are clear'd, and flaine as bright  
 As doe their errours, that deny her sight ;  
 The soule of Iustice resteth in her eye,  
 Her contemplation's chiefly to descry  
 True worth, from painted shewes ; and loyalty,  
 From false, and deepe-dissembled treachery ;  
 A noble Statesman, from a Parasite ;  
 And good, from what is merely good in sight :  
 Such hidden thing, her piercing eyc can see :  
 If Iustice then be blinde, how blinde are we !

¶ Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to say,  
 From earth the faire *Astrea*'s fled away,  
 And in the shining Baudrike takes her seat,  
 To make the number of the Signes compleat :

For why ? *Astrea* doth repose and rest  
 Within the Zodiake of my Sov'reignes brest,  
 And from the Cradle of his infancy,  
 Hath train'd his Royall heart with industry,  
 In depth of righteous lore, and sacred thewes  
 Of Iustice Schoole ; that this my Haggard Muse  
 Cannot containe the freenessse of her spright,  
 But make a Mounty at so faire a flight,  
 (Perchance) though (like a bastard Eagle daz'd  
 With too great light) she winke, and fall amaz'd,  
 ¶ Hear'n make my heart more thankfull, in confessing  
 So high a blisse, than skilfull, in expressing. (sing

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Queene brings Hamans accusation;  
The King's displeas'd, and growes in passion:  
Proud Hamans treachery descry'd;  
The shamefull end of shamelesse pride.

Sect. 14.

Forthwith, to satisfie the queenes request,  
The King and Haman came unto her Feast,  
Whereat the King (what then can hap amisse?)  
Became her suitor, that was humbly his,  
And fairly thus entreating, this bespake:

What is't Queene Ester would? and for her sake,  
What is't the King would not? preferre thy suit,  
Faire Queene: Those that despaire, let them be mute;  
Cleare up those clouded beames (my fairest Bride)  
My Kingdomes halfe (requestea) I'le divide.

Whereat the Queen, halfe hoping, halfe afraid,  
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said:

If in the bouny of thy Princeely Grace,  
Thy sad Petitioner may finde a place  
To strowd her moe unutterable griefe,  
Which (if not there) may hope for no reliefe;  
If in the treasure of thy gracions eyes,  
(Where mercy, and relenting pity lies)  
Thy hand-maid hath found favour; let my Lord  
Grant me my life (my life so much abhord,  
To doe him service) and my peoples life,  
Which now lye open to a Tyrants knife:  
Our lives are sold, 'tis I, 'tis quidlesse I,  
Thy loyall Spouse, thy Queene and hers must dye?

148 The History of Queene Ester.

The spotleſſe blood of me, thy faiþfull Bride,  
Must ſwage the ſwelling of a Tyrants pride ;  
Had we beeene ſold for drudges, to attend  
The buſie Spindle ; or for ſlaves, to ſpend  
Our weary houres, to deſerve our bread,  
So as the gaine hood but my Lord in ſtead,  
I had beeene ſilent, and ne're ſpent my breath :  
But neither he that ſeekes it, nor my death,  
Can to himſelfe the leaſt advantage bring,  
(Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.

Like to a Lyon rouzed from his reſt,  
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage exprefte :  
*Who is the man, that dares attempt this thing ?*  
*Where is the Traitor ? What I am I a King ?*  
*May not our ſubjeſts ſerve, but muſt our Queene*  
*Be made the ſubject of a villaines ſpleene ;*  
*Is not Queene Eſter boſom'd in our heart ?*  
*What Traitor then dares be ſo bold, to part*  
*Our heart, and us ? Who dares attempt this thing ?*  
*Can Eſter then be ſlaine, and not the King ?*

Reply'd the Queene, *The man that bath done thiſ,*  
*That curſed Haman, wicked Haman is.*

Like as a Felon shakes before the Bench,  
Whose troubled silence proves the Evidence,  
So Haman trembled, when queene Eſter ſpoke,  
Nor answer, nor excuse, his Guilt could make :

The King, no longer able to digest  
So foule a trechery, forſooke the Feaſt,  
Walk'd in the Garden, where consuming rage  
Boil'd in his heart, with fire (unapt t'affwage.)  
So Haman pleading guilty to the fault,  
Befought his life of her, whose life he ſought,  
When as the King had walk'd a little ſpace,  
(So rage and choller often ſhift their place)

In

In he return'd, where Haman fallen sat  
Was on the bed, whereon Queene Ester sate;  
Whereat the King new cause of rage debates,  
(Apt to suppose the worst, of whom he hates)  
New passion addes new fuel to his fire,  
And faines a cause, to make it blaze the higher:  
*Is't not enough for him to seeke her death,*  
(Said he) *but with a Letchers tainted breath,*  
*Will be in force my Queene before my face?*  
*And make his Brotbell in our Royall Place?*

So said, they veiled Hamans face, as he  
Vnfit were to be seene, or yet to see:

Said then an Eunuch sadly standing by,  
*In Hamans Garden, fifty Cubits bigh,*  
*There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,*  
*Made for thy loyall servant Mordecai,*  
*Whose faiffull lips thy life from danger freed,*  
*And merit leads him to a fairer meed.*

Said then the King, *It seemeth just and good,*  
*To shed his blood, that thirsted after blood;*  
*Who plants the tree, deserves the fruit; 'tis fit*  
*That he that bought the purchase, hanself it:*  
*Hang Haman there; It is his proper good;*  
*So let the Horseleach burst himselfe with blood:*  
*They straight obeyd: Lo here the end of Pride:*  
*Now rests the King appeas'd, and satisf'd.*

---

Meditat. 14.

C Heere up, and caroll forth your silver ditie,  
(Heavens winged quiristers) and fill your City  
(The new Ierusalem) with jolly mirth : (earth;  
The Church hath peace in heaven, hath peace on

150 *The History of Queene Ester.*

Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave  
The flitting skies ; dismount, and quite bereave  
Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,  
For loe, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on  
Let *Hallelujah* fill your warbling tongues, (earth :  
And let the ayre, compos'd of saintly songs,  
Breathe such celestiall Sonnets in our ears ;  
That whosoe're this heav'nly musick heares,  
May stand amaz'd, & (ravish't at the mirth) (earth ;  
Chit forth, there's peace in heav'n, ther's peace on  
Let mountaines clap their joyfull, joyfull hands,  
And let the lesser Hills trace o're the lands  
In equall measure ; and resounding woods  
Bow downe your heads, and kisse your neigh'ring  
Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth ; (floods :  
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on  
You holy Temples of the highest King, (earth :  
Triumph with joy ; Your sacred Anthemes sing ;  
Chant forth your Hymns, & heav'nly roundelaies,  
And touch your Organs on their louder keyes :  
For *Haman's* dead that danted al your mirth, (earth :  
And now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on  
Proud *Haman's* dead, whose life disturb'd thy rest,  
Who sought to cut, and seare thy Lilly brest ;  
The rav'ous Fox, that did annoyance bring  
Vnto thy Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.  
¶ Seem'd not thy Spouse unkind, to hear thee weep  
And not redresse thee ? Seem'd he not asleepe ?  
No, (Sion) no, he heard thy bitter pray'r,  
But let thee weepe : for weeping makes thee faire.  
The morning Sun reflects, and shines most bright,  
When Pilgrims grope in darknesse all the night :  
The Church must conquer, e're she gets the prize,  
But there's no conquest, where's no enemies :

The

The day is thine ; In triumph make thy mirth,  
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on  
What man's so dul, or in his brains undone, (earth:  
To say, (because he sees not) There's no Sun ?  
Weake is the faith, upon a sudden griefe,  
That sayes, (because not now) There's no reliefe :  
God's bound to helpe, but loves to see men sue :  
Though datelesse, yet the bond's not present due.  
¶ Like to the sorrowes of our child-bed wives,  
Is the sad pilgrimage of humane lives :  
But when by throes God sends a joyfull birth,  
Then find we peace in heav'n, & peace on earth.

---

T H E A R G U M E N T.

*Vpon the Queene and Mordecai  
Dead Hamans wealth and dignity  
The King bestowes : to their discretion  
Referres the Jewes decreed oppression.*

---

Sect. 15.

**T**HAT very day, the King did freely adde  
More bounty to his gift : What *Haman* had  
Borrow'd of smiling Fortune, he repayd  
To *Ester*'s hand, and to her use convaide :  
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King ;  
Vpon his hand he put his Royall Ring,  
Whose Princely pow'r proud *Haman* did abuse,  
In late betraying of the guiltlesse Jewes ;  
For now had *Ester* to the King descry'd  
Her Iewish kin, how neere she was ally'd  
To *Mardocbus*, whom (her father dead)  
His love did foster in her fathers stead.

152 *The History of Queene Ester.*

Once more the Queen prefers an earnest suitor,  
 Her humble body lowly prostitute  
 Before his Royall feet, her checkes o'reflowne  
 With marish teares, and thus her plain'full monc,  
 Commixt with bitter singults, she exprest :

*If in the Cabin of thy princely brest  
 Thy loyall servant (undeserv'd) hath found  
 A place, wherein her wishes might be crown'd  
 With faire successe ; If in thy gracious sight  
 I pleasing, or my cause seeme just, and right,  
 Be speedy Letters written, to reverse  
 Those bloody Writs which Haman did disperse  
 Throughout thy Provinces, whose sad content  
 Was the subversion of my innocent  
 And faithfull people ; Helpe, (my gracious Lord)  
 The time's prefixt, wherein th' impartiall Sword  
 Must make this massacre, the day's at hand,  
 Unlesse thy speedy Grace send countermand :  
 How can I brooke within my tender brest,  
 To break the bonds of natures high behest,  
 And see my people (for whose sake I breathe)  
 Like stalled Oxen, bought and sold for death ?  
 How can I see such mischiefe ? How can I  
 Survive, to see my kin, and people dye ?*

Said then the King ; Lo, cursed Haman bath  
*The execution of our highest wrath,*  
*The cquall hire of his malicious pride ;*  
*His wealth to thee I gave ; (my fairest Bride)*  
*His honour (better plac'd) I have bestow'd*  
*On him, to whom my borrow'd life bath ow'd*  
*Her five yeares breath, the trusty Mordecai,*  
*Our loyall kinsman : Let his hand pourtray*  
*Our pleasure, as best liketh him, and thee ;*  
*Let him set downe, and be it our Decree,*

Lec

Let him confirme it with our Royall Ring,  
And we shall signe it with the name of King :  
For none may alter, or reverse the same  
That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.

---

Meditat. 15.

To breathe, 's a necessary gift of nature,  
Wherby we may discerne a living Creature  
From plants, or stones : 'Tis but a meere degree  
From Vegetation; and this, hath she  
Like equally shar'd out to brutish beasts  
With man, who lesse observes her due behests  
(Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,  
Doe lesse improve the gift in the event:  
But man, whose organs are more fairly drest,      ||  
To entertaine a farre more noble Guest,  
Hath, through the excellency of his Creation,  
A Soule Divine; Divine by inspiration ;  
Divine through likenesse to that pow'r Divine,  
That made and plac'd her in her fleshly shrine ;  
From hence we challenge lifes prerogative ;  
Beasts onely breath ; 'Tis man alone doth live ;  
One end of mans Creation, was Society,  
Mutuall Communion, and friendly Piety:  
The man that lives unto himselfe alone,  
Subsisteth and breathes, but lives not; Never one  
Deserv'd the moiety of himselfe, for he  
That's borne, may challenge but one part of threes;  
Triparted thus; his Country clameth the best ;  
The next, his Parents; and himselfe, the least.  
He husbands best his life, that freely gives  
It for the publike good; He rightly lives,

That

That nobly dies : 'tis greatest mastery,  
 Not to be fond to live, nor feare to dye  
 On just occasion; He that (in case) despises  
 Life, earnes it best, but he that over-prizes  
 His dearest blood, when honour bids him dye,  
 Steales but a life, and lives by Robbery.

O sweet Redeemer of the world, whose death  
 Deserv'd a world of lives ! Had Thy deare breath  
 Been deare to Thee; Oh had' st Thou but deny'd  
 Thy precious Blood, the world for e'r had dy'd :

O spoile my life, when I desire to save it,  
 By keeping it from Thce, that freely gave it.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Letters are sent by Mordecai,*  
*That all the Lewes, upon the day*  
*Appointed for their death, withstand*  
*The fury of their foes-mens hand.*

### Sest. 16.

Orthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appear  
 To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shire  
 Letters they wrote (as *Mordecai* directed )  
 To all the Lewes, (the Lewes so much dejected)  
 To all Liev-tenants, Captaines of the Band,  
 To all the States and Princes of the Land,  
 According to the phrase, and divers fashions  
 Of Dialect, and speech of ev'ry Nation ;  
 All which was stiled in the name of King,  
 Sign'd with his hand, seal'd with his Royall Ring :  
 Loe here the tenor of the Kings Commission;  
*Whereas of late, (at Hamans urg'd petition,) Decrees*

Decrees were sent, and spred throughout the Land,  
To spoile the Iewes, and with impartiall hand,  
(Upon a day prefixt) to kill, and slay;  
We likewise grant upon that very day,  
Full power to the Iewes, to make defence,  
And quit their lives, and for a Recompence,  
To take the spoiles of those they shall supprese,  
Shewing like mercy to the mercilesse.

By posts, as swift as Time, was this Decree  
Commanded forth; As fast as Day they flet,  
Spurr'd on, and hast'ned with the Kings Command  
Which straight was noys'd, & publisht through the  
As warning to the Iewes, to make provision (Land  
To entertaine so great an opposition.

So Mordecai (disburthned of his griefe,  
Which now found hopefull tokens of reliefē)  
Departs the presence of the King, addrest  
In royall Robes, and on his lofty Crest  
He bore a Crowne of gold, his body spred  
With Lawre, and Purple deeply coloured:  
Fill'd were the Iewes with triumphs, & with noise,  
(The common Heralds to proclaim true joyes : )  
Like as a prisner muffled at the tree,  
Whose life's remov'd from death scarce one degree  
His last pray'r said, and hearts confession made,  
(His eyes possesting deaths eternall shade)  
At last (unlook'd for comes a slow Reprieve,  
And makes him (even as dead) once more alive:  
Amaz'd, he rends deaths muffler from his eyes,  
And (over-joy'd) knowes not he lives, or dyes;  
So joy'd the Iewes, whose lives, this new Decree  
Had quit from death and danger, and set free  
Their gasping soules, and (like a blazing light)  
Disperst the darknesse of th' approaching night;

So joy'd the Iewes : and with their solemne Feasts  
 They chas'd dull sorrow from their pensive brests :  
 Meane while, the people (startled at the newes)  
 Some griev'd, some envi'd, some (for feare) turn'd  
 (Iewes.

## Sect. 15.

**A**MONG the Noble Greces, it was no shame  
 To lose a Sword ; It but deserv'd the name  
 Of Warres disastrous fortunc; but to yeeld  
 The right and safe possession of the Shield,  
 Was foule reproach, and manlesse cowardize,  
 Farre worse than death to him that scorn'd to prize  
 His life before his Honour, Honour's wonne  
 Most in a just defence ; Defence is gone,  
 The Shield once lost: The wounded Theban cry'd,  
 How fares my Sheild, which safe, he smil'd, & dy'd:  
 True honour bides at home, and takes delight  
 In keeping, not in gaining of a Right ;  
 Scornes usurpation, nor seekes she blood,  
 And thirsts to mak her name not great, as good :  
 God gives a Right to man; To man, defence  
 To guard it giv'n; But when a false pretence  
 Shall ground her title on a greater Might,  
 What doth he else but warre with Heav'n, and fight  
 With Providence ? God sets the Princely Crowne  
 On heads of Kings; Who then may take it downe ?  
 No juster quarrell, or more nobler Fight,  
 Than to maintaine, where God hath giv'n a Right;  
 There's no despaire of Conquest in that warre,  
 Where God's the Leader; Policy's no barre  
 To his Designes; no Power can withstand  
 His high exploits; within whose mighty Hand

Are

Are all the corners of the earth; the hills  
His fensive bulwarks are, which, when he wills,  
His lesser breath can bandy up and downe,  
And crush the world, and with a winke, can drowne  
The spacious Vniverse in suds of Clay;  
Where heav'n is Leader, heav'n must win the day;  
God reapes his honour hence; That combat's fate,  
Where hee's a Combatant, and ventures halfe:  
Right's not impair'd with weaknesse, but prevails  
In spight of strength, when strength & power failes.  
Fraile is the trust repos'd on Troopes of Horse;  
Truth in a handfull, finds a greater force.  
¶ Lord, maile my heart with faith, and be my shield  
And if a world confront me, I'le not yeeld.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*The bloody Massacre: The Jewes  
Prevale: their fatal sword subdues  
A world of men, and in that fray,  
Hamans ten churched sonnes they slay.*

---

Sect. 17.

Now when as Time had rip'ned the Decree,  
(Whose Winter fruit unshaken from the tree  
Full ready was to fall) and brought that Day,  
Wherein pretended mischiefe was to play  
Her tragicke Sceane upon the Iewish Stage,  
And spit the venome of her bloody rage  
Vpon the face of that dispersed Nation,  
And in a minute breathe their desolation,  
Vpon that day (as patients in the fight)  
Their scatter'd force, the Iewes did reunite,

And

158 *The History of Queene Ester.*

And to a head their straggling strength reduc'd,  
And with their fatall hand (their hand disus'd  
To bathe in blood) they made so strong recoyle,  
That with a purple stremme, the thirsty soyle  
O'rflowd: & on the pavement (drown'd with blood)  
Where never was before, they rais'd a flood:  
There lyes a headlesse body, here a limme  
Newly dis-joynted from the trunke of him  
That there lyes groning; here, a gasping head  
Cropt frō his neighbors shoulders; there, halfe dead  
Full heapes of bodies, whereof some curse Fate,  
Others blasphemē the name of heav'n, and rate  
Their undisposed Starres; with bitter cryes  
One pities his poore widow-wife, and dyes;  
Another bannes the night his sonnes were borne,  
That he must dyc, and they must live forlorne;  
Here (all besmeard in blood congeald) there lyes  
A throng of carcases, whose livelesse eyes  
Are clos'd with dust, & death: there, lyes the Syre  
Whose death the greedy heire did long desire;  
And here, the sonne, whose hopes were all the plea-  
His aged father had, and his lifes treasure: (sure  
Thus fell their foes, some dying, and some dead,  
And onely they that scap'd the slaughter, fled;  
But with such strange amazement were affrighted,  
(As if themselves in their owne deaths delighted)  
That each his force against his friend addrest,  
And shew'd his sword within his neighbors brest;  
For all the Rulers (being sore afraid  
Of Mardocbeus name) with strength, and ayde  
Supply'd the Iewes: For Mardocbeus name  
Grew great with honour, and his honour'd Fame  
Was blaz'd through ev'ry Province of the Land,  
And spred as farre, as did the Kings Command:

In favour he increast, and ev'ry how'r  
Did adde a greater greatnesse to his pow'r:  
Thus did the Iewes triumph in victory,  
And on that day themselves were doom'd to dye,  
They slew th' appointed Actors of their death;  
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,  
That crownes a Victor with a Victors prize;  
So fled their foes, so dyde their enemies:  
And on that day at Sufan were imbru'd  
In blood, five hundred men whom they subdu'd;  
The cursed fruit of the accursed Tree,  
That impious Decad, Hamans progeny,  
Upon that fatall day, they overthrew,  
But took no spoyle, nor substance, where they flew.

Medita. 17.

I Latchly mus'd; and musing stood amaz'd,  
My heart was bound, my fight was over-daz'd  
To view a miracle: Could Pharo fall  
Before the face of Isr'el? Could her small  
And ill-appointed handfull then prevale,  
When Pharo's men of warre, and Char'ots faile?  
These stood like Gyants; those, like Pigmy brats;  
They soar'd like Eagles; those, like swarms of gnats  
On foot these marcht; those rode on troops of horse  
These never better arm'd; they, never worse;  
Strong backt with vengeance & revnge, were they  
These, with despaire, theselves, themselves betray;  
They close pursu'd; these (fearfull) fled the field;  
How could they chuse, but win? or these, but yeeld?  
Sure 'tis, nor man, nor horse, nor sword availes,  
When Isr'el conquers, and great Pharo failes:

Poore

Poore Isr'el had no Man of Warre, but One;  
 And Pharo having all the rest, had none ;  
 Heav'n fought for Isr'el, weakned Pharo's heart,  
 Who had no Counter-god to take his part :  
 What meant that cloudy Piller, that by day  
 Did usher Isr'el in an unknowne way ?  
 What meant that fi'ry Piller, that by night  
 Appear'd to Isr'el, and gave Isr'el light ?  
 'Twas not the secret power of Moses Rod,  
 That charm'd the Seas in twaine ; 'twas Moses God  
 That fought for Isr'el, and made Pharo fall ;  
 Well thrives the Fray where God's the Generall :  
 'Tis neither strength, nor undermining sleight  
 Prevailes, where heav'ns ingaged in the fight.

¶ Me list not ramble into antique dayes,  
 To manne his Theame, lest while Ulysses strayes,  
 His heart forget his home Penelope :

Our prop'srous Britaine makes sufficient Plea  
 To prove her blisse, and heav'ns protecting power,  
 Which had she mist, her glory, in an hower  
 Had falne to Cinders, and had past away  
 Like smoke before the wind; Which happy Day,  
 Let none but base-bred Rebels ever faile  
 To consecrate, and let this Age entaile,  
 Upon succeeding times Eternity,  
 Heav'ns highest love, in that dayes memory.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The sonnes of Haman (that were slaine,)  
Are all hang'd up : The Iewes obtaine  
Freedome to fight the morrow after;  
They put three hundred more to slaughter.

Sect. 18.

When as the fame of that daies bloody news  
Came to the King, he said; Behold, the Iewes  
Have wonke the Day, and in their just defence,  
Have made their wrong, a righfull recompence;  
Five hundred men in Susan they have slaine,  
And that remainder of proud Hamans straine,  
Their hands have rooted out; Queene Ester say,  
What further suit (wherein Affuerus may  
Expresse the bounay of his Royall hand)  
Rests in thy bosome : What is thy demand?

Said then the Queen: If in thy Princely sight  
My boone be pleasing, or thou take delight  
To grant thy servants suete, Let that Commission  
(Which gave the Iewes this happy dayes permission  
To save their lives) to morrow stand in force,  
For their behalves that onely make recourse  
To God, and thee, and let that cursed brood  
(The sonnes of Haman, that in guilty blood,  
Lye all ingoar'd, unfit to taint a Grave)  
Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like co-heires) have  
Like equall shares of that deserved shame,  
Their wretched father purchas'd in his name:

The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was given  
From Susan, where twixt earth and heaven,

(Most undeserving to be own'd by either)  
 These cursed ten (like twins) were borne together;  
 When *Titan* (ready for his Journall chase)  
 Had rouz'd his dewy locks, and Rosie face  
 Inricht with morning beauty, up arose  
 The Iewes in Susan, and their bloody blowes  
 So roughly dealt, that in that dismall day  
 A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey  
 No hand was laid: so, sweet and jolly rest  
 The Iewes enjoy'd, and with a solemne Feast,  
 (Like joyfull Victors dispossest of sorrow)  
 They consecrated the ensuing morrow;  
 And in the Provinces throughout the Land,  
 Before their mighty and victorious hand,  
 Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey  
 They seiz'd not; and in mem'ry of that day,  
 They solemnized their victorious Guests,  
 With gifts, and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

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*Medita. 18.*

**T**HE DOCTRINE of the Schoole of Grace dissenteth  
 From Natures (more uncertaine) rudiments,  
 And are as much contrayr, and opposite  
 As Yea, and Nay, or blacke, and purest white:  
 For nature teaches, first to understand,  
 And then beleevē; but grace doth first command  
 Man to beleevē, and then to comprehend;  
 Faith is of things unknowne, and must intend,  
 And foare above conceit; What we conceive,  
 We stand possest of, and already have,  
 But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not,  
 Which eie sees not, eare hears not, hart conceivs not

Hereon

Hereon, as on her ground-worke, our salvation  
Erects her pillers; From this fitme foundation,  
Our soules mount up the new Ierusalem,  
To take possession of her Diademe;  
God loves no sophistry; Who argues least  
In graces Schoole, concludes, and argues best;  
A womans Logicke passes there; For 'tis  
Good proofe to say, 'Tis so, because it is:  
Had Abraham advis'd with flesh and blood,  
Bad had his faith bee[n], though his reasons good;  
If God bid doe, for man to urge a Why?  
Is; but in better language, a deny:  
The fleshly ballances of our conceits,  
Have neither equall poysure, nor just weights,  
To weigh, without impeachment, Gods designe;  
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,  
And mortall: Lively faith may not depend,  
Either upon th' occasion, or the end.

¶ The glorious Suns reflected beames suffice,  
To lend a luster to thc feebleit eyes,  
But if the Eye too covetous of the light,  
Boldly outface the Sun, (whosc beames so bright  
And undespers'd, are too-too much refin'd  
For view) is it not justly stricken blind?  
I dare not taske stout Samson for his death;  
Nor wandring Iosah, that bequeath'd his breath  
To raging Seas, when God commanded so;  
Nor thee(great Queene) whose lips did overflow  
With streames of blood; nor thee (O cruell kind)  
To quench the firc of a womans mind,  
With flowing rivers of thy subjects blood.  
From bad beginnings, God creates a good,  
And happy end: What I cannot conceive,  
Lord, let my soule admire, and belieue.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Feast of Purim consecrated :  
 Tb' occasion why 'twas celebrated ;  
 Letters were writ by Mordecai,  
 To keepe the mem'ry of that Day.

Sect. 19.

**S**O Mardochaeus throughout all the Land  
 Dispers'd his Letters, with a strickt command  
 To celebrate these two dayes memory  
 With Feasts, and gifts, and yeerly jollity,  
 That after-ages may record that day,  
 And keepe it from the rust of time, that they  
 Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth  
 Vpon the joyes, those happy dayes brought forth,  
 Which chang'd their sadnes, & black nights of sor-  
 Into the brightnes of a gladsome morrow ; (row,  
 Whereto the Iewes (to whom these Letters came)  
 Gave due observance, and did soone proclaim  
 Their sacred Festivalls, in memory  
 Of that dayes joy, and joyfull victory :  
 And since the Lots (that Haman did abuse,  
 To know the dismal day, which to the Iewes  
 Might fall most fatall, and, to his intent,  
 Least unpropitious) were in th'event  
 Crost with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,  
 To worke his ruine, their deliverance :  
 They therefore in remembrance of the Lot  
 (Whose hop'd-for sad event succeeded not)  
 The solemne Feasts of Putim did invest,  
 And by the name of Purim call'd their Feast,

Which

Which to observe with sacred Complement,  
And ceremoniall rites, their soules indent,  
And firmly' inroll the happy memory  
Ith'hearts of their succeeding progeny,  
That time (the enemy of mortall things)  
May not, with hov'ring of his nimble wings,  
Beat downe the deare memoriall of that time,  
But keepe it flowring in perpetuall prime.

Now, lest this shining day in times progresse  
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulnesse,  
Or lest the gauled Persians should debate  
The bloody slaughter, and re-ulcerate  
In after-layes, their former misery,  
And blurre the glory of this dayes memory,  
The Queene and Mordecai sent Letters out  
Into the Land, dispersed round out,  
To re-confirmē, and fully ratifie  
This Feast of Purim, to eternity;  
That it to after-ages may appeare, (care.  
When sinners bend their hearts, heav'n bowes his

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Meditat. 19.

**A**nd are the Lawes of God defective then?  
Or was the paper scant; or dull the pen  
That wrote those sacred Lines? Could imperficiō  
Lurk closely there, where heav'n hath give directiō  
How comes it then new Feasts are celebrated,  
Vnmention'd in the Law, and uncreated  
By him that made the Law compleat, and just,  
Not to be chang'd as braine-sicke mortalls lust?  
Is not heavens deepest curse, with death to boot,  
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds too't?

166 *The History of Queene Ester.*

True 'tis, the Law of God's the rule and squire,  
Whereby to limit Mans uncurb'd desire,  
And with a gentle hand doth justly paize  
The ballances of his unbevell'd wayes,

True 'tis, accrues'd, and thrice-accrues'd be he  
That shall detract, or change such Lawes, as be  
Directive for his Worship, or concerne  
His holy Service, these we strictly learne  
Within our constant brest to keepe inshrin'd,  
These in all seasons, and for all times binde:  
But Lawes (although Divine) that doe respect  
The publike rest, and properly direct,  
As Statutes politike, doe make relation  
To times, and persons, places, and occasion:  
The brazen Serpent, which, by Gods command,  
Was builded up, was by the Prophets hand  
Beat downe againe, as impious, and impure,  
When it became an Idol, not a Cure.

¶ A morall Law needs no more warranty,  
Then lawfull givers, and conveniency,  
(Not crossing the Divine:) It lyes in Kings,  
To act, and to inhibit all such things  
As in his Princely wisdome shall seeme best,  
And most vantagious to the publike rest,  
And what (before) was an indifferent thing,  
His Law makes good, or bad: A lawfull King  
Is Gods Liev-tenant; in his sacred eare  
God whispers oft, and keepes his Presence there.

¶ To breake a lawfull Princes just Command,  
Is brokage of a sinne, at second hand.

THE

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THE ARGUMENT.

Affuerus Aells upon Record:  
The just mans vertue, and reward.

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Sect. 20.

And Affuerus stretcht his heavy hand,  
Laying a Tribute, both on Sea, and Land;  
What else he did, what Trophies of his fame,  
He left for time to glorifie his Name,  
With what renowne, and grace, he did appay  
The faithfull heart of loyall Mordcais,  
Are they not kept in endlesse memory,  
Recorded in the Persian History?  
For Mordcais possest the second seat  
In all the Kingdome, and his name was great;  
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,  
Of God and man, much honour'd, and belov'd;  
Seeking his peoples good, and sweet prosperity,  
And speaking joyfull peace to his posterity.

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Meditat. 20.

Thus thrives the man, thus prosper his endevors  
That builds on faith, & in that faith perseveres:  
¶ It is no losse, to losc; no gaine, to get,  
If he that loses all, shall win the Set:  
God helps the weakest, takes the losers chaire,  
And setting on the King, doth soone repaire

His losse with vengeance; Hee's not alway best  
That takes the highest place, nor he the least  
That sits beneath : for outward fortunes can  
Expresse(how great, but) not how good's the man;  
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while ;  
And where he raises, oft he meanes to spoile.

¶ It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,  
May they but lead, or whip me home to thee.

*Here the Canonicall History of  
Queene Ester ends.*

